

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THE REV. SAMUEL BISHOP, A. M.

VOL. II.

PORTER & WOLFE

THE REV. J. W. WOLFE

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MEMORIAL



THE REV. J. W. WOLFE

1871

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THE REV. SAMUEL BISHOP, A. M.

LATE HEAD-MASTER OF MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL,
RECTOR OF ST. MARTIN OUTWICH, LONDON, AND OF DITTON IN THE COUNTY OF KENT;
AND CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF BANGOR.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,
MEMOIRS of the LIFE of the AUTHOR,
By the Rev. THOMAS CLARE, A. M.

VOL. II.

His Verfe still lives; his Sentiment still warms;
His Lyre still warbles; and his Wit still charms.

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Mr. DEIGHTON, and Mr. LUNN, at Cambridge;
and Mr. BULGIN, at Bristol.

1796.

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POETICAL WORKS

OF

THE REV. SAMUEL BISHOP, A.M.

LATE HEAD-MASTER OF MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL,
FICTOR OF ST. MARTIN'S BOWCHURCH, LONDON, AND OF BISHOP IN THE COUNTY OF KENT;
AND CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF BRISTOL.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

By the REV. THOMAS CLARK, A.M.

VOL. II.

THE SECOND PART OF THE SECOND EDITION

OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

Vol. II. p. 154



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MISCELLANEOUS.

VOL. II

B

Under this head of "Miscellaneous" are arranged all those Copies
of Verses, which relate particularly to the Author, his Family,
or Friends.

V E R S E S

SENT WITH A COPY OF MOORE'S FABLES
TO MISS MARY PALMER, AFTERWARDS MRS. BISHOP.

MISS! COUSIN! MOLLY! Terms like those
Become the simple style of prose.—
When One to claim our verse we find
Dear, because good, above her kind,
To mark her from the vulgar throng,
MELISSA is her name in song.

MELISSA! then, (for you may claim
Dear, because good, the favorite name,)
Accept, acknowledge, and approve
ESTEEM, that means much more than Love;

Esteem, that greets each native trace
Of Spirit, Sentiment, and Grace;
And tho' in You she owns them met,
Prefumes you not quite perfect yet;
But hopes to see you (doubt who will)
Still dearer, because better still.

How nicely form'd the Female Heart
For genuine Merit's noblest part!
How might your livelier Fancy's pow'rs
Extend, adorn, and soften ours!
How brilliant, how almost divine,
Would every sterner Virtue shine,
Transferr'd into a Woman's breast,
And in the Sex's sweetness drest!

Why then so barren lies a foil,
So worthy of the cultor's toil?

Ah! Ladies! by one fate you fall;
One little error ruins all!

I'll tell it, —tho' I stand reprov'd:

—*You'd rather be admir'd than lov'd!*

Hence is the Coxcomb's task so easy;

He makes you like himself, to please ye.

“Tis great to astonish and subdue,

“And lead a train of Captives.”—True—

Yet little Glory gilds your Reign,

If Knaves and Fops compose the train.

And take it, Fair-ones, for a rule,

A Flatterer must be Knave or Fool;

Whose treacherous tale, how'er exprest,—

(Knaves do their worst, and Fools their best,)

Too soon, too surely lures your youth

From youth's first friend, IMPARTIAL TRUTH.

Truth, which would teach you to obtain

That Excellence it scorns to feign.

From Truth's award MELISSA'S ear

Had ever more to hope than fear:

MELISSA

MELISSA therefore will agree,
 Applauding MOORE, to pardon me,
 If proud in such a plan to join,
 I preface Verfe like his, with mine.

THE GLASS bright LAURA'S Toilette grac'd,
 Patch, powder, and perfume were plac'd:—
 —Before the gentle Dame drew nigh,
 Her Monkey, and her Parrot by,
 A courtly *tête-à-tête* began:—
 And thus the conversation ran.

“ Sweet Poll, permit me, or I burft,
 “ To tell my thought—Indeed! I muft!
 “ That mimic archnefs—(*Ab! mon cœur!*)
 “ What mortal Monkey can endure!
 “ Such endless humour you have got!
 “ So fluent! fo!—I can't fay what!
 “ You rife in harmony and ftyle,
 “ Above the feather'd race, a mile!

“ In

- “ In every tone of every word,
 “ A very, very *human* bird !
 “ And Toasts, would Toasts my hint pursue,
 “ To know themselves should study You.”
 —He said, the Parrot thus reply’d ;
 “ Your praises are just ground for pride :
 “ For sure, what *Men* themselves appear
 “ None knows so well, none comes so near ;
 “ Trust me, your Grin displays to fight,
 “ Meaning as deep, and Teeth as white.—
 “ What *Man* could puff with happier face,
 “ For Wisdom, Spleen; for Wit, Grimace?
 “ This tongue, whose harmony of tone,
 “ Your rare discernment deigns to own,
 “ Would fail, insensible and cold,
 “ Ere half your parts and worth was told.
 “ Never in Manners, Air, or Feature,
 “ Was such a *Gentleman-like Creature* !”

Flattering

Flattering and flatter'd, each believes:
 Conceit takes all, that Folly gives.
 Genius, it seems, with men they share:
 Why not as graceful? and as fair?
 Flush'd with the thought before the Glass
 The self-made dupes resolve to pass:
 Assur'd (what else could they suppose?)
 Each peep would some new Grace disclose.

The Monkey turning first, survey'd
 His own odd likeness;—shrug'd,—and said,—
 “ False Mirror, no!—it cannot be!
 “ I'm not that frightful Thing, I see!
 “ Spite, thy mere spite, protracts, I vow,
 “ My visage; and deforms my brow.”

The Parrot next, with fluttering breast,
 Her disappointment thus confess;
 “ What have we here?—Is that my figure?
 “ Have Pow'rs so various, bulk no bigger?

Flattering

“ What

- “ What symptom of a Wit so keen,
 “ Can in that drowfy Phiz be seen?
 “ Can from that pot-hook of a Bill,
 “ The honey of my Voice distill?
 “ Second, dear Pug, my vengeful blow;
 “ And shiver this insulting foe.”

She spoke,—and both with eager aim,
 Push'd furious, tow'rd the little frame.

- “ Hold! Blockheads! hold!” a Lap-dog cry'd,
 (Who listen'd by the Toilette's side,)
 “ From wrath so base, so rash, forbear :—
 “ The Glafs reflects you—as you are!
 “ Ugly, contemptible, absurd!
 “ A filly Brute, and paltry Bird!
 “ That Glafs, when LAURA's form it shows,
 “ With Beauty's liveliest lustre glows;
 “ Yet then, as now, no Blemish spares;
 “ Nor favour, nor affection bears :

" But gives to all—e'en all their Due;

" Her Charms to her—your Shame to you."

TRUTH, like a GLASS, when it conveys,
In moral Portraits, Blame or Praise,
Paints from the Life;—and will offend
Those only, whom it cannot mend.

TO MISS DICKINS,

WITH A PRESENT OF MOORE'S FABLES.

Books, my dear Girl, when well design'd,
Are moral Maps of human kind;
Where, sketch'd before judicious eyes,
The Road to Worth and Wisdom lies.

Severe Philosophy portrays
The steep, the rough, the thorny ways:

Cross woods and wilds, the Learned Tribe
A dark and doubtful path describe:

But Poesy her votaries leads
O'er level lawns, and verdant meads;

And if perchance, in sportful vein,
Thro' Fable's scenes she guide her train,
All is at once enchanted ground,
All Fancy's Garden glitters round.

I, SALLY! (who shall long to see
In you, how good your Sex can be)
Before you range with curious speed,
Where'er that Garden's beauties lead,
And mark how MOORE could once display
A scene so varied, and so gay,
Beg you, for introduction's sake,
A short excursive trip to make
O'er one poor plat, unlike the rest,
Which my more humble care hath drest:
Where, if a little flow'ret blows,
From pure Affection's root it grows.

A Virgin

A Virgin ROSE, in all the pride
Of Spring's luxuriant blushes dy'd,
Above the vulgar Flowers was rais'd,
And with excess of lustre blaz'd.—

In full career of heedless play,
Chance brought a BUTTERFLY that way;
She stopt at once her giddy flight,
Proud on so sweet a spot to light;
Spread wide her plumage to the sun,
And thus in faucy strain begun:

“ Why, but to soften my repose,
“ Could Nature rear so bright a Rose?
“ Why, but on Roses to recline,
“ Make forms so delicate as mine?
“ Fate destin'd by the same decree,
“ Me for the Rose; the Rose for me.”

A tiny BUG, who close between
The unfolding bloom had lurk'd unseen,

Heard,

Heard, and in angry tone addrest

This rude invader of his nest:

“ For thee, consummate fool, the Rose!

“ No—to a nobler end it blows:—

“ The velvet o’er it’s foliage spread

“ Secures to me, a downy bed:

“ So thick it’s crowding leaves ascend,

“ To hide, to warm me, and defend:

“ For me those odours they exhale,

“ Which scent at second hand the gale;

“ And give such *Things* as thee to share,

“ What my superior claim can spare!”

While thus the quarrel they pursu’d,

A BEE the petty triflers view’d;

For once, reluctant, rais’d her head

A moment from her toil; and said;

“ Cease, abject animals, to contest!

“ They claim things most, who use them best.

“ Would

" Would Nature finish Works like these,
 " That Butterflies might bask at ease?
 " Or Bugs intrench'd in splendor lie,
 " Born but to crawl, and doze, and die?
 " The Rose you vainly ramble o'er,
 " Breaths balmy dew from every pore;
 " Which yield their treasur'd sweets alone
 " To skill and labour like my own:
 " With sense as keen as yours, I trace
 " Th' expanding blossom's glossy grace;
 " It's shape, it's fragrance, and it's hue;
 " But while I trace, improve them too:
 " Still taste; but still, from hour to hour,
 " Bear home new Honey, from the flow'r."

Conceit may read for mere pretence;
 For mere amusement, Indolence;
 True Spirit deems no study right,
 Till Profit dignify Delight.

TO MRS. BISHOP,

WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

“ A KNIFE,” dear Girl, “ cuts Love,” they say!

Mere modish Love, perhaps it may—

— For any tool, of any kind,

Can separate——what was never join’d.

The Knife, that cuts our Love in two,

Will have much tougher work to do;

Must cut your Softness, Truth, and Spirit,

Down to the vulgar size of Merit;

To level yours, with modern Taste,

Must cut a world of Sense to waste;

And

And from your single Beauty's store,
Clip, what would dizen out a score.

That self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, Judgment, Sight, for ever:

All Memory of Endearments past,
All Hope of Comforts long to last;—
All that makes fourteen Years with you,
A Summer;—and a *short* one too;—
All, that Affection feels and fears,
When hours without you seem like years.

Till that be done, (and I'd as soon
Believe this Knife will chip the Moon,)
Accept my Present, undeterr'd,
And leave their Proverbs to the Herd.

If in a kiss—delicious treat!—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,

Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—"cut and come again!"

TO THE SAME,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING DAY,

WHICH WAS ALSO HER BIRTH DAY.

WITH A RING.

“THEE, Mary, with this Ring I wed”—

So, fourteen Years ago, I said.—

Behold another Ring!—“for what?”

“To wed thee o’er again?”—Why not?

With that first Ring I married Youth,
Grace, Beauty, Innocence, and Truth;
Taste long admir’d, Sense long rever’d,
And all my MOLLY then appear’d.

If she, by Merit since disclos'd,
Prove twice the Woman I suppos'd,
I plead that double Merit now,
To justify a double Vow.

Here then to-day, (with Faith as sure,
With Ardor as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the Rites divine,
I took thy Troth, and plighted mine,)
To thee, sweet Girl, my second Ring
A Token and a Pledge I bring :
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper Virtues to my heart ;
Those Virtues, which before untry'd,
The Wife has added to the Bride :
Those Virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing Wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as Love's.

And

MISCELLANEOUS.

21

And why?—They shew me every hour,
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,—
—And teach me all things—but Repentance.—

And why?—They knew me every hour,
 Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
 Discretion's deed, Judgment's sentence,—

—And teach me all things—but Repentance,—
TO THE SAME,
 ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH AN ORANGE-BERGAMOT SNUFF-BOX.

AN husband, as in duty bound,
 Presents, what an admirer found;
 (Pray start not, when you lift the lid!)
 A portrait in a Snuff-Box hid:
 Aye marry—and myself alone
 Can boast th' original my own.

By nature's early cunning wrought,
 This Box no *second* polish fought;
 Such in this form, as on the bough;
 Plain orange then, plain orange now.

Apt

Apt outline of a certain Dame,
Whose taste from nature's judgment came;
To whom mere genius gives a style,
Which fashion ne'er could mend—nor spoil.

Our Boxes of more modish make,
From various sources value take;
An artist's name; an humourist's whim;
The curious hinge; the costly rim:
But all in this agree, they bear
No perfume, till we place it there;
While modest Orange here, augments
From it's own store the richest scents;—
A miniature complete, and true,
Of—why not speak at once?—of you!—
Whose manner, in each part you fill,
Makes pleasure's self, more pleasing still.
This Orange, in some former hour,
Had, like all oranges, it's four;

But

But soon that acid fount was drain'd;
 And endless fragrancy remain'd:
 So, in the Woman I admire,
 If pregnant sense, perchance, inspire
 A little jest, a little tart,
 'Tis from the fancy, not the heart;
 Fancy—whose fount a moment quells;
 An heart—where sweetness ever dwells.

And is not then the picture like?
 And does not every feature strike?
 Yes!—And the world would own it too,
 If what I've seen, the world could view;
 I, who with this poor gift and lay,
 Thus greet again our Wedding Day;
 And cent'ring in one friend and guide,
 My joy's excess, my reason's pride,
 Would for increasing love engage,
 Were every day to come, an age!

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A PEARL BUCKLE, AND VELVET COLLAR.

THE day declin'd; the year was clos'd;—

Beside his forge, tir'd Labour doz'd:—

A Golden Buckle, meant to deck

At morn's return my MARY's neck,

(Tribute mere justice long'd to pay,)

Half finish'd, on his anvil lay.

Benighted, (how, it matters not,)

LOVE, TRUTH, and TIME, approach'd the spot:

They saw th' imperfect toy; they knew

Where, and from whom, and when, 'twas due.

“ What pity things should thus stand still,
“ Till yon dull Drudge hath slept his fill!
“ Suppose,” the three companions cry’d,
“ Ourselves *our* joint exertions try’d.”

The project pleas’d—so said, so done—
And each his several part begun.

From every Charm, that grac’d the Dame,
Some hint of decoration came.

For Bloom, that heaven’s own painting shows ;
For Features, where high Feeling glows ;
For Looks, that more than language speak ;
For Sweetness, dimpling Humour’s cheek ;
For Dignity, by Neatness drest ;
Where still, whatever is, is best ;
For Powers, that call the captive eye,
From all nymphs else, when She is by ;
Yet make us, when she is not near,
Ev’n for her sake, her sex revere ;

For

For Softness, and for Strength of mind ;
 Sense, ripe tho' rapid, keen tho' kind ;
 For Liberal Purpose, and prompt Skill
 That liberal purpose to fulfill ;
 For Friendly Zeal's aspiring blaze ;
 For Generous Joy in honest praise ;
 For all, that can exalt thro' life,
 The Woman, or endear the Wife ;——
 LOVE, whose quick fight no facts evade,
 A separate Pearl in order laid.

TRUTH, pearl by pearl exactly told,
 Arrang'd them in the circling Gold ;
 Announc'd their weight, from first to last ;
 And set them close ; and clinch'd them fast.

TIME, o'er the whole a Polish threw,
 Which brighter still, and brighter grew.

The work thus wrought, with equal haste,
 The Workmen on this Collar plac'd ;

Then bade the fondest husband bear
The present, to the worthiest fair ;
Bade him salute with cordial lay,
Her *natal*, and her *bridal* day ;
And, his own suffrage to approve,
Appeal to TIME, and TRUTH, and LOVE !

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A PASTE BUCKLE FOR AN HANDKERCHIEF.

GEMS, had I gems to fend, would seem
Short of your worth, and my esteem.

But as no mortal wedded dame
Has *more* from grateful love to claim,
So ne'er did loving husband live,
Whose gratitude had *less* to give.

And yet the trifle I enclose,
Where only mimic brilliance glows,
Poor Paste (and poor it is indeed!)
Has something, ev'n as Paste, to plead.

Th'

Th' effect of borrow'd bloom to raise,
A Diamond's supplemental blaze
To many a bosom draws our view,
Where nothing, but itself, is *true*:
—This Paste upon your bosom wear,
'Twill be as great a contrast there;
Of all within ye, and without ye,
The only thing *untrue* about ye.

On Merit's ground proud Diamonds go,
As who should say,—“ Thus we bestow:”
Paste comes to you, on terms less vain,
Not to bring beauty, but to gain;
And therefore seeks, in suppliant tone,
To blend its lustre with your own.

Whoe'er has seen you, must have seen,
How just to Nature's gifts you've been;
Secure th' applause of Sense to fix,
By Ease and Truth, not airs and tricks:

So rich, in talents so applied,
 With nothing to affect or hide,
 The Diamond's aid you well may spare;
 Much less can Paste deserve your care:
 And yet for once, dear girl, consent
 T' adopt a *needle's* ornament:—
 Nor scorn to have it understood,
 Art *would* improve you, if she *could*.

When heralds Excellence describe,
 They send us to the Jewel tribe;
 By *Sapphires* constant *Faith* display;
 Firm *Valour* by the *Ruby's* ray:
 And *Paste* will stand in *your* behoof,
Humility's best type and proof;—
 For while your equal head and heart,
 (Supreme in each superior part,)
 Show Virtues, more than Fancy's eye
 Finds gems to blazon virtues by,

The

The simple Toy, you thus prefer,
(So mean, so honour'd,) will aver,
That ever, as Desert extends,
Ingenuous Spirit condescends.

No teeth of Time the Diamond fears ;
But lasts more *ages*, than Paste *years* :—
Yet *Paste*, by your acceptance crown'd,
For all the difference will compound :
To 've prompted, in what sort it may,
The verse, that hails this welcome day,
Then on your breast to meet it's fate,
Will counterpoise so short a date ;
And leave one solid praise it's due,
—That *while it shone, it shone for You!*—
Praise, which myself, who most despair
To shine, would only shine, to share !

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A VERY SMALL ALMANACK.

WHILE in this tiny Volume's space,
 The current year's records you trace,
 (For which, arrang'd in common size,
 Twelve times th' extent would scarce suffice,)
 Allow plain truth in serious lay,
 To state an obvious fact,—and say,
 Your own high merit, amply told,
 A Book, still less than this, might hold.

Charms singly bright, may stand portray'd
 In flowery diction's proud parade;—

The briefest phrase will yours declare ;
 'Tis but to say—that “ *all is fair.*”

Genius, that blossoms, once an age,
 May crave the long descriptive page:—
 For yours, one little line has room ;
 —'Tis Genius, *never out of bloom!*

Thro' all our years of married life
 Would language signalize the wife,—
 A period of five words will strike ;
 For *every hour was good alike!*

No need of style prolix and quaint,
 The mother, or the friend to paint ;—
 Name but Benevolence—all the rest
 A thousand memories can suggest.

Terms as concise, may serve as well,
 Great as it is, *my* Joy to tell;

And

And prove, what folios could but prove,
With how just wonder, pride, and love,
I boast, in one dear woman join'd,
All Grace of Form, all Power of Mind;—
An Heart, by many a trial known,
All kind, all true—and ALL MY OWN!

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A WORK-BAG OF SILK AND PAPER.

SINCE our connubial blifs begun,
How many years their course have run !
And, *if more dear could be*, more dear,
How Love has made you, year by year !
What wonder therefore, if my breast,
By one idea all possest,
Whene'er I think, whate'er I do,
Enjoys the flightest hint of You !
Ev'n in a Toy at random wrought,
Some features faithful Fancy caught ;

Whence

Whence Love could trace, and Truth portray,
The Wife and Woman of to-day.

In this same simple Bag, I see
A type of female Industry :—
And where's the Labour, where's the Care,
You've fear'd to meet, or grudg'd to share?
A scanty Lot the world supplies!—
—You make that scanty lot suffice.
Hope for a little moment gleams!—
—More liberal efforts prompt your schemes.
While sense improves a thousand ways,
What Patience bore, with equal praise:
And frugal skill, correcting Taste,
Seems only Ornament more chaste :
Or Toils express, as each takes place,
How new exertions vary grace.

Two-fold Materials, aptly join'd,
To form this votive Bag combin'd:

A Silken

A Silken Top invites our hands,
Whose Base mere humble Paper stands.
That Base, (too well experience knows,) ·
Your tender Frame's true semblance shows;
Which pain now rends, now weakness wears,
And every ruder touch impairs:—
While, like the Silken Top, your Mind,
Preserves, unconquer'd tho' resign'd,
Gentle to sooth, firm to endure,
It's texture whole, it's lustre pure.

A Band, scarce obvious to the sight,
Extends this Bag, or draws it tight;
Fit emblem of the secret clue,
(As delicate, and as powerful too,)
With which our judgments you controul,
And move, or fix at will, the foul:—
While all a daughter's feelings say,
'Tis mere indulgence to obey;

And

And fondness knows not how to boast
An husband's pride, or pleasure, most.

When in this Bag, your care has pent
Each future needful implement,
'Twill be the perfect counter-part,
Of that large treasury—your heart:
Where gradual exercise hath stor'd
Whate'er makes merit more ador'd:
Where every grief your friends endure,
Expects it's comfort; or it's cure!

Still, MOLLY, let that Heart find room,
For all th' extremes of mortal doom;
To every sorrow round apply
A cordial, or devote a sigh;—
But keep from all, save rapture, free
A corner there for Love and Me.

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH HIS OWN PROFILE IN SHADOW.

IN many an emblem's better part,
I've pictur'd oft, your head and heart ;
Permit me now to let you see,
A Shadow, that *should* look like me ;
The Shadow of a Man obscure,
In all, but one dear treasure, poor ;
Yet more than wealthy, happy too,
To call that *one dear treasure*—You !

The Shadow of a Man, whose eye
Could Worth in Beauty's form descry :

Mark'd

Mark'd where the worthiest charm the most ;
 And saw in You, all each could boast ;
 And seeing, lov'd ; and loving, thought,
 The more he lov'd, the more he ought.

The Shadow of a Man, who knows
 How likeness from affection grows ;
 And his own Virtue best secures,
 When most he feels, and honours Yours.

In short, mere *Shadow*, as it is,
 Queer copy of as queer a Phiz,
 This mimic bawble of a face,
 Assumes a style, and claims a place,
 All other Pride and Praise above—
 —THE SHADOW OF THE MAN YOU LOVE !

TO THE SAME,
ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY,
WITH A SILVER TEA-POT, AND OTHER PLATE.

AFFECTION, which in humbler *Toys*,
Has oft expressed it's annual joys,
Boasts no increase, assumes no state,
In these more gaudy gifts of Plate:
Small odds their previous *price* procures,
Their Worth commences, when they're Yours:
And Love so just as mine before,
Was never *less*—nor *can be more*.

I knew you amiably great,
When hallow'd Union join'd our fate;

Whatever

Whatever part esteem inspir'd,
 Or duty taught, or need requir'd,
 Took from *your Spirit* double force;
 'Twas good—and it was *yours*, of course;
 Or, *vice versa* understood,
 Was *yours*—and therefore it was good.

Imagin'd powers, if fiction drew,
 Your real powers made fiction true:
 If praise indulged a loftier tone,
 'Twas praise of manners—like your own.

Years following years disclos'd to fight,
 The same dear merit in new light;
 Merit, that every light could bear,
 More varied, but to seem more fair.
 Th' Address, that made my fondest hope,
 The centre of it's earlier scope,
 With equal latitude still shares
 Th' acute excess of all my cares;—

Now, drooping nature to sustain,
Smiles Comfort on the bed of pain:—
Now, shows me on how sure a base,
Temper and Sense build Taste and Grace;—
Now, adds a plume to Fancy's flight:—
Now, points my views to nobler Height.

Meanwhile, thus cheer'd, assisted, blest,
I ('tis the most I can) attest
My grateful heart's applausive truth,
With paltry *Plate*, and *Rhymes*—forsooth!

Yet take 'em, Girl, as meant to prove
Tokens, not measures, of my Love:
If value, more than that, they plead,
They 're miserably short indeed!
No *Verse* can make my feelings known,
While *Verse* consists of words alone:
No *Silver* give you half your due,
Till Silver is as pure as You!

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH AN IVORY TOOTH-PICK CASE,
OF FRENCH MANUFACTORY.

A Toy from France craves leave to pay,
With me, it's homage to the Day:—
A Toy indeed!—from France indeed!—
—That's all it pleads—or has to plead.
My little tokens, oft, of yore,
Your emblematic semblance bore:
But *this*, the portrait I propose,
By *not* resembling, will disclose.

Mark,

Mark, to what polish Art has wrought
Materials never worth a groat!—
How different that from Nature's care,
Which form'd You good, as well as fair?
Produc'd a brilliant work 'tis true;
But from itself, it's lustre drew.

The Trifle, *à-la-mode de France*,
Shews all it's splendor at a glance:
But you in meek concealment shroud
Enough to make a thousand proud;
Outshine the vaineft of the vain;
Yet *hide* more excellence, than *they feign*!

See where a wire-drawn circlet trim
Of cobweb gold, furrounds each rim;
Pure gold perhaps, and just so far
'Tis sterling, as your Virtues are;
But when for substance we enquire,
No contrast could be carried higher.

If any price the Bawble bear,
 'Tis fashion's tax on foreign ware ;
 Fashion, that when your sense submits
 To popular folly's prankful fits,
 Improvement from your *Manner* makes,
 And gives not half th' eclat it takes.

Observe the taudry Trinket shine
 At once as useless, as 'tis fine :
 But You, when most you please us, boast
 Both will and power to serve us most ;
 And prove superior judgment's light,
 As beneficial, as 'tis bright.

So short my Present's merits fall !
 —And how precarious after all !
 How flight a touch, how brief a space,
 It's glossy beauties may deface !
 While you to years, and years to you,
 Devolve new grace, and influence new.

But

But wherefore, ('twill, of course, be said,)
Is such a worthless offering made?
—Plain truth forbids me to disclaim
A very, very, selfish aim;—
'Twas that, the *Gift* might soon be spurn'd;
And all your thanks, if thanks were earn'd,
And every kiss of thanks you'd spare,
Be, whole and sole, the *Giver's* share.

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH SOME TABLE FURNITURE OF CUT GLASS.

ESTEEM, when this glad Morn appears,
Looks back on Gratitude's arrears ;
And conscious still of comforts new,
Whose value with their number grew,
Gives wedded Love, a double scope,
—How much to boast!—how much to hope!
“ Would Love,” you'll say, “ so very prone,
“ That boast to urge, that hope to own,
“ In brittle Glass an emblem find,
“ For Worth of such enduring kind?”

Yes, Girl, affection can pursue,
On any ground, some trace of You ;
And ev'n in Glafs, juſt cauſe explore,
To deem the paſt, a pledge of more !

From this ſame Glaſs, the workman's art,
Has cut, 'tis true, th' exterior part ;
And yet the loſs the whole ſuſtains,
Adds ſevenfold price to what remains :
So time, that ſaps with gradual ſtealth,
Your prime of ſtrength, your bloom of health,
Leſſening *their* period, year by year,
Leaves all the reſidue more dear.

This Glaſs, o'er which the tool has gone,
Puts new, tho' native, radiance on ;
And where a deeper touch it ſhews,
From preſſure, into poliſh glows ;
Till light in every angle plays,
Transmits more beams, reflects more blaze :

So

So toils, which resolute right procures,
 Raise, by oppressing, minds like yours ;
 Bring powers inherent into fight ;
Prove them at once, and *make* them bright ;
 While patience multiplies, of course,
 Each effort's lustre, with it's force.

 This Glass, in short, whatever end
 It's future fortunes shall attend,
 Useful till broken, and when broke,
 Crush'd, not obscur'd, beneath the stroke,
 Will to transparent fragments pass,
 A *shining*, tho' a *shiver'd*, mass :
 So You, whatever hour to come,
 Shall close your active virtue's sum,
 Clear to the last, at last will know,
 Ev'n under dissolution's blow,
 That death (where life was what life shou'd)
 Is only ceasing to do good.

Then, sorrowing o'er a shock so rude,
Remembrance, Conscience, Gratitude,
Will treasure with religious care,
Each atom of a fame so fair :

“ Such Sense,” ’twill say, “ such genuine Taste,
“ Such Spirit, by such Manners grac’d,
“ Such bland Sensation’s liberal glow,
“ So frank with joy, so kind to woe,
“ Tho’ separate rays they now dispense,
“ Form’d once, one general Excellence ;
“ In BISHOP’S MARY long display’d
“ The Friend’s, Wife’s, Mother’s praise ;—and made,
“ To honour’d age, from brilliant youth,
“ *Her* Bard, at least, the BARD OF TRUTH !”

TO THE SAME,
ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.
WITH A POCKET LOOKING-GLASS.

To you, dear wife, (and all must grant
A wife's no common confidant,)
I dare my secret soul reveal;
Whate'er I think, whate'er I feel.

This verse, for instance, I design
To mark a Female Friend of mine;
Whom long, with passion's warmest glee,
I've seen—and could for ever see!

But hear me first describe the Dame:
If candour then can blame me—blame.

I've seen *Her* charm at forty more,
Than half her sex, at twenty four:—

Seen

Seen her, with equal power and ease,
Draw right to rule, from will to please ;
Seen her so frankly give, and spare
At once, with so discreet a care ;
As if her sense, and hers alone,
Could limit bounty like her own ;—
Seen her in nature's simplest guise,
Above arts, airs, and fashions rise ;
And when her peers she had surpassed,
Improve upon herself, at last ;—
Seen her, in short, in every part,
Figure, Discernment, Temper, Heart,
So perfect, that till Heaven remove her,
I must admire her, court her, love her.

MOLLY, I speak the thing I mean :
So rare a Woman I have seen ;—
And send this honest Glass, that You,
Whene'er you please—may see her too !

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

LONG us'd, in annual gifts to find
Some semblance of your form, and mind,
I stood resolv'd, this year, to make
One change at least, for changing fake;
And by a powerful pencil's aid,
Present you with—Myself portray'd.

Vain scheme!—My Face the canvas shows;
My Verse *no change of Object* knows;
Fancy, tho' vagrant, faithful too,
Extends, but never quits the clue.

In

In justice to friend CLARKSON's skill,
 Call it *my* Picture, if you will,
 Confess 'tis all, you wish'd it shou'd;
 Say 'tis as like, as *he* is good:
 I join the suffrage, and rejoice;—
 But *your* idea prompts my voice,
 When in the *Copy* you approve
 The *Man*, who loves you, as I love!

Whatever lineaments I trace,
 Some excellence of yours takes place.
 That Eye, these rival tints display,
 Recalls each livelong, rapturous day,
 While, as new Grace round Beauty grew,
 My real Eye dwelt all on You.
 How oft, for Comforts *you* bestow'd,
 With cordial sympathy it glow'd!
 How oft, amidst despondence clos'd,
 Safe in *your* Virtues it repos'd!

How

How oft, it glitter'd with delight,
If *your* approach engag'd it's fight!
How still, (so rich your Merit's store!)
It only sees, to wonder more!

Where art has sketch'd those Lips of mine
Resemblance lives along the line;
I look—and own *my* features caught:
I think—and *you* inspire my thought:—
Quick to the lips reflection flies,
Whose theme my MOLLY's Name supplies;
The Lips, whose vows so truly made,
Her Truth with interest has repaid;
The Lips, which boast the double bliss,
To speak her praise—and claim her kifs.

Happy that stroke's expressive ease,
Which living Character can seize!—
Such strokes, such ease, I here discern;
And back of course to You return:

“ Whence did th’ original suggest

“ The Character so well exprest?”

—’Tis animation You impart :—

You point the look, who rule the Heart !

And if mere colours could reveal

In outward seeming, all I feel,

They’d show my joy, my pride, my hope,

My whole imagination’s scope,

So full of You; and You alone,

’Twere less my Portrait, than your own !

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A SPINNING-WHEEL.

'T is a long list of happy days,
Since first I triumph'd in your praise;
And still in all you did, or said,
Some new, some dear distinction read.

This truth, by various gifts confest
Perpetual inmate of my breast,
A Spinning-Wheel must now allege—
Affection's poor, but cordial pledge.
Accept it, Girl; and with it, take
My reasons for the choice I make.

First, then, (howe'er unlike my trim,)
For Fashion's sake indulge the whim:
'Twill be but charitable zeal,
If, while you ply the modish Wheel,
You follow Taste, a step or two,
Till Taste may learn to follow you!

In your own sex's general name,
Your bland acceptance, next, I claim.
Can Fancy's self a feature trace,
Your animation would not grace?—
Does Duty any task propose,
To which your spirit never rose?—
Has Sense a sanction it procures
From acts or thoughts, more just than yours!
—In active merit so complete,
What else could you adorn?——Retreat!—
There shall this Wheel of mine attest,
“Your leisure knows no *useless* rest;”—

And

And on that fact another found,
 "That Female Genius has no bound;"—
 While with alert address you fill
 Each interval of nobler skill;
 From higher aims, to humbler, fall,—
 Still equal to yourself, in *All!*

When for my Wheel I intercede,
 The cause of all your Friends, I plead:
 For while your total virtue's height
 Puts competition out of fight,
 To *them*, your slightest works will stand,
 Proofs of that virtue's vast demand;
 Will make your mere amusements tell,
 Each character you bear, born well;
 And every web your Wheel supplies,
 A relique for esteem to prize.

Last, for myself, let me intreat,
 My Wheel may prompt acceptance meet;—

Myself!—

Myself!—whose fondest hope and care
Are centred in this single prayer,—
“ That while you twine the ductile threads,
“ Her treasures while **R**eflection spreads,
“ Recalls to each applauded part,
“ The suffrage of your conscious heart,
“ And raises from your feelings past
“ The glow, that will endear your last,
“ Some soft remembrance you’ll devote,
“ To *Him*, who sings this annual note;
“ Proud, when the festive Morn calls forth,
“ His tribute to *one Woman’s* worth:
“ Who loveliest of the lovely, stood,
“ Because still *best*, among the good!”

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A COMPLETE SET OF WORCESTER CHINA.

TIME, to our matrimonial score,
Sets up one year of union more :
And while, at every period's close,
Th' accumulate total richer grows,
Bids hours of comfort, as they fly,
Bring me new joys—to reckon by.

Ev'n now (besides th' accustom'd glow,
Which round this festive Morn they throw,)
They deck with more immediate care,
The smile, my Gift and I shall share;—

My

My Gift; which under CHINA's name,
Asserts an ENGLISH artist's claim.

Wit, well I know, time out of mind,
Ladies and China-ware has join'd;
While random Censure's flippant tongue
On *fair*, and *frail*, the changes rung.
How far your Sex deserves the jest,
On more than Censure's charge, should rest:
I deem it false;—for if 'twere true,
Your sex, I'm sure, deserves not You!

Comparison, meanwhile, may found
Resemblance, on much surer ground;
Resemblance, just, and obvious too,
By taking from your *Mind* it's cue:
There, China's properest use may trace—
Where social Sense aids native grace!—
Thence China's happiest boast may draw—
“All Excellence, without a flaw!”—

Or

Or noting, how with foreign dies,
 Domestic manufacture vies,
 May, to this moment, from your birth,
 Deduce a parallel of Worth;
 Worth, which peculiar powers extracts,
 Ev'n from the sphere, wherein it acts;
 And in it's home, of humble life,
 Displays a Mother, Friend, and Wife;
 Whose like, the proudest Nations known,
 Might feel new pride, to call their own.

Mark what a group of pieces met,
 To make, in China-style, a Set.—
 To make the parts you fill, so bright,
 As great varieties unite;
 All showing, tho' distinctly plac'd,
 One Pattern of superior Taste;
 All in one brilliant Whole combin'd,
 Of Right and Useful, Firm and Kind;

All functioning one faithful list,
Where not a Virtue e'er was mist!

The lot for sale at auction lay:—

“And what of that?” perhaps you'll say;

—Marry, could then, the standers-by,

Have known for *whom* I bought, and *why*,

They'd forc'd me, for the good of trade,

To twice the bidding I had made:

For surely, 'tis but fair, to state,

That purchase cheap at any rate,

Which coming, as this comes, a sign

Of Veneration, just as mine,

Love's votive mite to Merit pays,

Above all Price, as well as Praise!

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A POCKET-BOOK.

ANOTHER year's demands I pay;—
 Another Gift; another Lay;
 A Gift, a Lay, reserv'd to adorn
 The twofold triumph of the Morn,
 Which to the world, and me, benign,
 First gave you *Birth*; then made you *mine*:
 A Gift, a Lay, which but reveal,
 This moment, what in all I feel;
 Save that each joy, from time that springs,
 More length of sweet remembrance brings.

Then, scorn not on these toys to look,
So mean a Verse, so blank a Book ;
One soft sensation if it raise,
That Verse will earn me more than praise :
To fill that Book, if you think good,
'Twill show forthwith, (what *no Verse* cou'd,)
How just, how ample action's scale,
When powers of Mind, like Yours, prevail.

Yet while successive pages bear
Your comprehensive range of care,
Each hint, from sounder Sense that flows,
Each impulse friendlier Feeling knows,
Each purpose of superior strain,
Maternal, conjugal, humane,
To my sole claim one space assign,
Where both our signatures may join !—
—Where witness'd, in the name you shar'd,
When mutual troth our vows declar'd,

Frank

Frank as the heart, that gave your hand,
 A sanction of my Love may stand;
 Of Love, which never yet, express'd
 A preference, Truth could not attest;
 Nor e'er more cordial comfort felt,
 Than what your kind Complacence dealt;
 Nor ever in idea rose
 Above such Worth, as you disclose!
 —Where my name too, next yours display'd,
 May own that Love, with Love repaid;
 May boast a Wife, my favourite theme,
 As well from justice, as esteem;
 May vouch, (what life shall ne'er forget,)
 Affectionate approbation's debt;
 And bind me, ev'n with death in view,
 To fix my dearest thought on You!
 While the last gasp tir'd nature draws,
 To sigh "Farewell!" with, breath's Applause.

TO THE SAME,

ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY,

WITH A GOLD WATCH.

MEMORY, this Morn, was turning o'er
It's treasur'd matrimonial store;
All, mutual troth had meant, or done,
Since those first vows, that made us One.

TIME, cros the spot, that moment flew,
And held his Hour-glafs up to view;
As who should say, "No Union's band
" Arrests my course, or checks my hand:
" In vain, tho' life's perplexing lot
" Attempt to loose the sacred knot;

" In

“ In vain, tho’ pains and frailties try ;—

“ My Scythe cuts, what they can’t untie.”

A tear that trill’d down MEMORY’S cheek,
 Confest, what language could not speak ;
 And bad me, with the faithful Lay,
 Which greets, once more, our Nuptial Day,
 Commend, dear MARY, to your care,
 The votive gift, the Watch, I bear ;
 That when TIME counts *his* reck’ning, You
 May have *your* Regulator too.

For mine then, and for MEMORY’S fake,
 The sure, tho’ silent Monitor take ;
 And on it’s surface when you trace,
 Your present Being’s lessening space,
 Let hints from past exertions caught,
 To future scenes exalt your thought ;—
 Adjust your judgment of events,
 By facts your own Desert presents ;—

Recall

Recall th' applause to merit due,
At once, so various, and so true;—
Renew the glow, complacence found,
Whene'er it dealt complacence round;—
Revive the energy, which of yore,
Infirmity's frequent pressure bore;—
Thro' fortune's fathomless obscure,
Lead patient worth, and purpose pure;—
And strength to ev'ry spring impart,
Which actuates a Superior Heart.
—Whene'er, in short, beneath your eye,
The hours, in measur'd motion fly,
Let each a kind concern suggest,
For him, with whom you'll share the rest:
Think, all he asks of Heav'n to give,
Is with you, and for you to live!
Think, 'tis his prime ambition's scope,
His happiest theme, his dearest hope,

From

From labours too severe redeem'd,
 Esteeming you, by you esteem'd,
 Sustaining you, by you sustain'd,
 To wait resign'd, th' award ordain'd;
 Enjoy your joys, footh your repose,
 Till Love and Life together close.

Let TIME, meanwhile, indulge his spite,
 Swift as he is, his swiftest flight,
 (Whate'er impressions mark his speed
 Tow'rd that last home, for all decreed,)
 Will but attest AFFECTION's power,
 To plant, in every step, a Flower.

TO THE SAME,
ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.

WITH A GOLD THIMBLE.

A THIMBLE!—"Whence," plain sense might say,
"Came such a thought, on such a day?
"What! after every ampler test,
"Of Worth so tried, and so confest,
"T' address, by way of off'ring too,
"An hint of Industry to You!
"Could Love suggest a Gift like this?
"Or TRUTH approve it?"—MOLLY, Yes!
All hints, you know, are but design'd
To bring *realities* to mind:

If

If Thimbles, therefore, types so clear
Of common Industry appear,
A Golden one, of course, may be
A type of Golden Industry;
Of such superior stamp, as still
Yours ever bore,—and ever will.
This Youth has prov'd; this Age will prove!
And so says TRUTH;—and so says LOVE!

Th' illustrious Warrior, heretofore,
(His laurels won, his labours o'er,)
Beside some trophied shrine, display'd
The Sword, by victory, sacred made;
That future Chiefs might see, and draw
More emulous zeal, from what they saw!
—If useful toils claim Honour's Prize,
Your Thimble, MARY, to the wife,
Will evidence of desert afford,
As just, as any Warrior's Sword:—

And when, (far distant be that hour!)
Your hand and mind resign their pow'r,
May pass, as sacred, to your heirs;
Proof of *your* excellence!—pledge of *theirs*!

For who can separate, ev'n in thought,
Your Thimble now, from what you've wrought?
What work of yours was ever known,
In which no singular fancy shone?
Could any applause, to fancy due,
Be more spontaneous? or more true?
Could truth give any virtuous merit,
More lustre, than your skill and spirit?
Does any example meet our sight,
With more impressive energy bright?

And when th' effect of all your taste,
Shall only be in Reliques plac'd;
When votive verse no more shall earn,
The kifs, that blest this morn's return;

Nor

Nor my warm heart, with rapture share
 The joy of boasting, what you are ;—
 Ev'n then your Thimble will remain,
 Dear to ingenuous Sympathy's train ;
 And Justice own how You surpast,
 As long as Gold, and Memory last.

TO THE SAME,
ON ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAME DAY.
WITH A BRILLIANT HOOP-RING.

“ A RING! again —— And is it so?
“ Does then Invention run so low?
“ What! could not such sincere esteem,
“ Find, once a year, some *novel* Theme?”
Yes doubtless! — But in my design,
(Each votive Gift, each faithful line,)
Invention never labour’d yet :—
’Twas Truth’s prompt praise, ’twas Love’s mere debt :
These still I’ve brought; these now I bring,
The same Heart, —— tho’ another Ring!

Meant

Meant on my MOLLY's hand to shine,
 And the *first* Pledge of Union join :
 That while *her* Native elegance shows,
 How little, grace to splendor owes,
 The radiant Circle's friendly plea,
 May speak a word or two, for *me*.

Perhaps, when *there*, henceforth she marks,
 It's glittering sparks succeed to sparks,
 She'll think, how oft my joy confest
 Each brighter part her life exprest :
 And saw, in such gradation plac'd,
 The rays of Genius, Sense, and Taste,
 That scarce affectionate applause,
 Had known a limit, or a pause !

Perhaps, when she observes how pure,
 How glowing, how intense t' endure,
 The lustre every point displays,
 Whose each new motion beams new blaze,

Her

Her conscious Memory will return,
To similar proofs of my concern;
Attachment, whose perpetual care,
Her interests, merits, comforts share;
Regard, which nothing could transfer,
Ev'n to a wish, estrang'd from her;
Feelings, which Fate's eventful range
Did never chill, shall never change.

Perhaps, Reflection's eye will seize
An hint, from Brilliants, *hard* as these;
Impassive substance; firm to mock,
Affailing pressure's rudest shock:
And thence a kind remembrance cast,
On years of patient effort past;
When her Exertion, Skill, Address,
Made all my Toils and Sorrows less;
Till emulous Perseverance caught
The Spirit, her example taught;

And

And Hope, thro' pain, suspense, dismay,
Cheer'd by her aid, pursued it's way;
Hope, doubly welcome, when it's aims
Unite my prospects, with her claims.

Perhaps, in short, sometimes by chance,
These Gems may catch her graver glance;
And Thought suggest, how soon may fail
The voice, that loves her worth to hail!
Then, while her silent sighs ascend,
The Ring will bring to mind the Friend;
Th' Admirer, Lover, Husband, Man,
Who glorying in one favorite plan,
Resolv'd t' announce, in Time's despite,
(As long, at least, as Diamonds might,)
That Heav'n's award to him assign'd
The Best and Dearest of her kind!

TO THE SAME,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER WRITTEN TO HIM DURING
HIS ABSENCE ON A JOURNEY INTO KENT.

FROM THE GATE-POST LEADING TO LEYBURN GRANGE, AUGUST 27, 1786.

Do you ask how I fare, and how matters turn out?

—I am heartily pleas'd; and am happily stout;

And can give every wish, except one, it's *Quietus*;

'Tis a wish, that occurs with each prospect I view;

Let HORACE tell CLARE, and let CLARE tell it you;—

“ Excepto quod non *simul esses*, cætera lætus.”

Or if CLARE's too engag'd with his ADAMS and SANDBY,

And you'll take a translation in my *Nanby Panby*,

“ Wanting only *yourself*, to be snug, as snug can be.”

TO THE SAME,

WITH A PRESENT OF APPLES.

FROM THE RUINS OF DITTON PARSONAGE, AUGUST 28, 1786.

YOUR GOLDER'S HILL, you oft exclaim,

Fills every wish your heart can frame:—

No such proud boast can DITTON make;

Yet gives you for a token's sake,

What ev'n at GOLDER'S HILL you miss,

—A *Dumplin*, in a year like this!

TO THE SAME.

CANTERBURY, AUGUST 28, 1789.

WITH A PRESENT OF APPLES

I.

WILL you hear a new fing-song, of hey! diddle derry?
 How a Bishop ran rambling to fair CANTERBURY?
 A Bishop by name, tho' no Bishop in deed,
 Un-Doctor'd, un-Lordship'd, un-Mitred, un-Sce'd;
 Derry Down.

II.

This Bishop left All, when his journey he took;
 Nay his own better half, his dear Wife, he forfook;
 From whence you'll perceive, if at Irish you laugh,
 That this Bishop's All—was an All and an half:

Derry Down.

But

III.

But a truce with this paddy-eal, punnical scrawl,
 Whose sence, when you've found it, is no sence at all :
 Our torrent of wit let us wisely contract ;
 And glide on in plain terms, to plain matter of fact :

Derry Down.

IV.

Master BISHOP, to do things a little in style,
 Took a seat in a Dilly, at so much per mile,
 And because the best Company suited his palate,
 Had on this side a Brim, and on that a French Valet :

Derry Down.

V.

Monfieur to the Lady meet rapture addrest,
 With whose beauty our sight was so happily blest !
 Tho' the Dame, if appearance will authorise guessing,
 Was experter in blasting of eyes, than in blessing.

Derry Down.

The

VII

The Bishop set wishing with many a pout;—
 Wishing what?—Why the end of the journey, no doubt;—
 For tho' tempted, he scorn'd, for mere Charity's sake,
 To with *their* necks broke—*while his own was at stake.*

Derry Down.

VII.

But luck, which had play'd him full oft a dog-trick,
 For this once, in his life, stood his friend, in the nick;
 And by changing about, at Stone's End, he was carry'd
 With a rich Kentish Squire, and a Maid he had marry'd:

Derry Down.

VIII.

So leaving the Dilly and also it's Vermin,
 To make love, or be hang'd, as their fate shall determine,
 He got safe in good quarters, in fair CANTERBURY:—
 And thus ends this queer sing-song of hey! diddle derry.

Derry Down.

TO THE SAME.

CANTERBURY, AUGUST 29, 1789.

THRO' tower-crown'd battlements I stray,
 Whence Kings th' assault of rage defy'd;
 Or take midst gorgeous shrines my way,
 August remains of priestly pride.

Those priests so proud, those kings so great,
 Their pomp and power, have long resign'd;
 Tho' haply at the hour of fate,
 They figh'd—for what they left behind!

I pity them, alas!—and why?
 Ev'n now a similar grief I share;
 Who think of GOLDSBORO' HILL, and sigh,
 For what I left behind me THERE!

TO THE SAME.

TO THE SAME.

ON HER DESIRING TO KNOW WHAT SORT OF
JOURNEY HE HAD TO DITTON.

1791.

A DAME, frank, spirited, and smart,

With lively daughters two,

Reliev'd my journey's tedious part ;

But none of them—was You !

A comfortable Inn's retreat,

My just approval drew ;

'Twas neatness, drest in style most neat,

But still it wanted—You !

Nature

Nature display'd her Vernal Face,
In all it's pride of hue ;
'Twas bloom, 'twas beauty, sweetness, grace,
But yet it was not——You !

Bright Scenes, good Quarters, Converſe gay,
For other hearts might do ;
But I've a wiſh, where'er I ſtray,
Which nothing fills——but You !

TO THE SAME,

DESIRING HIM TO WRITE ONLY ABOUT HIMSELF,
ON A JOURNEY.

MAIDSTONE, AUGUST 11, 1792.

YOU charg'd me, from the Bell, Maidstone,
To write about *myself* alone;

“ For why? My health, and my glad cheer,

“ Was all the news, you long'd to hear.”

MARY! I love to meet your will,
But this injunction mocks my skill:
Your Bard, I'll rhyme; your Slave, I'll run;
But cannot do, what can't be done.

For instance;—note the truths I tell—
“ Your BISHOP has arriv'd right well;”

“ Enjoy'd

“ Enjoy’d a journey, warm, but good,”
 “ And pleafant—as you wifh’d he fhould ;”
 “ O’er his lamb-chop to you he drinks :”
 “ Of you, when happieft, moft he thinks.”

Now mark !—and fpeak, what juftice ought.—
 —Could this be written, told, or thought,
 Without (pray count them, if you please)
 At leaft as many *you’s* as *me’s* ?

While then, your kind concern I own,
 I’ve no fuch thing, as felf alone :
 Expreffion can no more difjoin,
 My-felf from yours, your-felf from mine,
 Than time or tide, can ever part,
 One Faith in both ; one Will ; one Heart !

And I muft be a ftrange forgetter,
 If e’er, in fancy, phrafe, or letter,
 By any means, on any fpot,
 I fhare a felf, which you fhare not ;

Or let two words, in my mind's eye,
Unite more close, than You, and I.

Bate this impossible condition,
In all things else, I'm all submission:
But every mention how I fare,
Must one predominant feature bear;
While each idea's constant clue,
Begins with me!—to end with you!

TO THE SAME,

ON HER WEARING A NEW DRESS.

SWEET negligence and happy art,
Leave MARY equally complete;
Her Taste makes smartness, still more smart;
Her Grace makes neatness, still more neat.

Your sex, with too immense a claim,
Our hearts, dear MARY, would subdue,
If dress could *give* to every dame,
As much as it *receives* from you!

TO THE SAME,

ON HER HAVING ACCIDENTALLY HURT HER EYE.

THAT orb extinct a general grief would draw ;
For you and for the world, how just ! how keen !
You'd lose the clearest eye that ever saw ;
The world the brightest, that was ever seen !

TO THE SAME,

WITH A PRESENT OF PICKLED OYSTERS.

I HOPE, you'll not quarrel
 With this little barrel;
 Nor scornfully stickle
 Against oysters in pickle,
 Since so freely they pass
 O'er your palate in sauce.
 If the Critics look cross,
 As if *sauce* should be *sawce*;
 Let them tie their wit up,
 While on oysters you sup:—
 And as soon as you've done,
 If their tongues then must run,
 Let them take for their pains, what these tubs left behind 'em,
 And lick the *shells* clean—if they know, *where to find 'em!*

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO MRS. AND MISS BISHOP,

IN EXCUSE FOR NOT COMING INTO THE COUNTRY
TO DINNER.

A VISIT, in due form, I paid,
To my good Lord of BANGOR's——maid!
Himself!—no friends in Town will share him,
Till Senates call, and WALES can spare him.
Then strove I, (but in vain I strove,)
To shew my shapes in time for GROVE*.
The crofs pufs Fortune still turn'd tail;
And distanc'd me again with GALE*.

* Names of the different Hampstead Coach-Masters.

Fretting

Fretting to fiddle-strings my guts,
I found 'twas now too late for CUTTS*.

No hufwife, in a cookmaid's pocket,
Was e'er cram'd half so full as CROCKETT*.

Both HOULDS* and WEEKS* (could I have gotten 'em)
Requir'd a previous tramp to Tottenham†;
And should I miss 'em, double, double,
(Going and coming,) toil and trouble.

On foot, I might as well pretend
To reach the North Pole, as North End;
Tho' you were dearer, three times told,
And GOLDER'S HILL‡, an Hill of Gold.

I therefore am compell'd to clap,
This scurvy scribble on this scrap,

† Tottenham-Court Road.

‡ GOLDER'S HILL, (adjoining to North End, Hampstead,) a Place deservedly celebrated in an Ode by AKENSIDE, who resided there some years with Mr. DYSON.

And fend *Amigós affientós*
 The greeting I can't bring on ten-toes.
 I am, dear girls, to dam and cub,
 Affectionate dad, and loving hub!

TO MISS BISHOP,

BEING ON A VISIT AT RICHMOND.

MARTIAL. BOOK 10. EPIGRAM 47. IMITATED.

' THE things, my dearest girl, that please
In visitants like you——are these:
'—POLITENESS, that appears inspir'd
By Nature, not by Art acquir'd:
' SENSE quick to learn, and glad t' inform:
' GOOD-HUMOUR ever frank and warm:

WILL,

MARTIAL. L. x. Ep. 47.

¹ Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorē,
Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:
² Res non parta labore, sed relicta;
³ Non ingratus ager; ⁴ focus perennis;

' WILL, that contends not: ' No EXCESS,
 Nor needless FREQUENCY of DRESS :
 ' An HEART that is, and seems SERENE :
 ' YOUTH's active EASE : ' HEALTH's cheerful MIEN :
 " Prudent SIMPLICITY : " A Mind,
 To social GENTLENESS inclin'd :
 " An APPETITE, that scorns no Treat ;
 " Yet most enjoys the simplest Meat :
 " SPIRITS from Morn to Night that last,
 By no affected Gloom o'ercast :
 " MIRTH not extravagant, nor loud :
 And SERIOUSNESS nor cross, nor proud :

A firm

' Lis nunquam ; ' toga rara ; ' mens quieta ;
 ' Vires ingenuæ ; ' salubre corpus ;
 " Prudens simplicitas ; " pares amici ;
 " Convictus facilis ; " sine arte mensa ;
 " Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis ;
 " Non tristis torus, et tamen pudicus ;

Somnus,

"A firm RESOLVE in Act and Thought,
 To be the very thing you ought ;
 "Whate'er you do, where'er you go,
 Sleeping and waking, still to show
 For Friends abroad all just concern ;
 "Nor long, nor scruple to return.

"Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras ;

"Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis :

"Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

TO THE SAME,

AT RICHMOND.

SUPPOSED TO COME FROM A FAVORITE PERSIAN KITTEN.

'T is but a *little* with I send,—

Accept it from a *little* friend.—

May the whole period of your stay
Be jocund, as a Kitten's Day !
Your temper and your manner shine,
Sprightly and innocent, as mine !
May Pleasure's self, for your dear sake,
A portion of my likeness take !
Be brilliant, as the eye so blue ;
Be spotless, as the snowy hue ;
Be frequent, as the frisks ; and yet,
Smooth, as the fur, of your—MINETTE !

TO THE SAME,

WITH A POCKET-MIRROR.

THIS Glafs above all price you'll raife,
 Yourfelf, dear girl, above all praife;
 If you can teach it to difplay,
 (As all my hopes portend it may,)
 One living likenefs of your Mother—
 —The World can hardly fhew another!

TO THE SAME,

WITH A COPY OF MADAM SÉVIGNÉ'S LETTERS.

SUCH was, in FRANCE, but in another age,
A polish'd Woman's sweetly moral Page;
Taught by a Mother's Feelings to display
An Heart so tender, in a Style so gay!

MARY! 'tis yours th' alternate part to prove! —
How Filial, can return Maternal Love!
To urge a claim on present Excellence plac'd;
Perfect in Act; as SÉVIGNÉ was in Taste!

While

While conscious Candor shall rejoice to learn,
 From what She wrote, and what your Virtues earn,
 That Heav'n appropriates Genius, to no time;
 Sense, to no sex; and Merit, to no clime!

Superior Minds, like Stars, o'er infinite space,
 With separate radiance, various orbits trace:
 But when impell'd by PIOUS ARDOR's force,
 (Whate'er their period, magnitude, or course,)
 Rise in full glow; and shine sublimely fair!—
 —For Nature's noblest Energies center THERE.

TO THE SAME,

WITH A MEDALLION, ON WHICH WAS REPRESENTED
A FIGURE OF HOPE, LEANING ON AN
ANCHOR OF DIAMONDS.

WHEN Filial Piety, Female Worth refines,
Parental Hope, on ADAMANT reclines.

TO THE SAME,

WITH A SILVER SEAL, WHICH HAD BELONGED TO THE
AUTHOR'S FATHER, SET IN GOLD.

LET this Domestic Relique prove,
If not your Father's wealth, his love;
Of all *his* Father once enjoy'd,
The only Relique, not destroy'd;

Devolving,

Devolving, by unquestion'd claim,
On You—sole Heirefs——of our Name.

If, when your Grandfire's Arms you view,
Nature should catch th' affecting cue,
And prompt a pious wish t' explore,
What Form, what Mind, that Grandfire bore,
The very Seal, those Arms which shows,
Some prominent Features will disclose:—
The *Silver* marks his mental store;
Pure, unambitious, useful Ore:
While ever, like the *Gold*, his Deed,
Each moral Touchstone's test could plead.—
—For other traits my pencil trust:
Tho' faint the tints, the lines are just.

A Stature, full, compact, erect,—
A Manner, to command respect,—
An Eye, that look'd a friendly joke,—
The frank, but firm OLD BRITON spoke.

Well-principled, well-inform'd, well-skill'd,
He dignified the part he fill'd ;
Wrought no man's wrong—nor e'er delay'd,
When injur'd right requir'd his aid :
Stern to condemn, tho' flow to wound
The guilt, his keen discernment found ;
To fraud inflexible;—yet prone
To mitigate suffering folly's moan ;
And spare the criminal, while he gave
To fure conviction all the knave :
By Craft, at once admir'd and fear'd ;
By Sense approv'd ; to Worth endear'd.

Tho' crush'd by pain, entomb'd he lay,
Ere *your* eyes open'd to the day,
Myself have heard, on public ground,
Within the passing year's short round,
Surviving evidence proclaim
Spontaneous reverence for his name ;

While

While thus the cordial suffrage ran,—
 “ ’Twas generous GEORGE, the Upright Man!”
 How few among the sumptuous shrines,
 Where proud mortality reclines,
 Boast merit, on that basis rais’d?
 So long remember’d?—or so prais’d?
 If aught in his contracted sphere,
 An Heart so manly, Hands so clear,
 By Spirit nerv’d, by Fortune crost,
 With Honour earn’d, with Patience lost,
 May that arrear, whate’er th’ amount,
 Be plac’d, dear Girl, to your account!
 To you, may Heaven’s award benign,
 The Health, to him denied, assign!
 To you, with this his Seal, make o’er
 His right to *Better Days*, of yore!
 And add, your own Deserts to grace,
 All Time’s old Debts, to all your Race!

TO THE REV. THOMAS CLARE.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1779.

WHILE all the quid-nunc tribe aghast lies,
Bamm'd by the present, and the past Lies,
Such desperate here—there such bombast Lies,
Twixt which, small odds, tho' great contrast lies,
(I would to heav'n, they were the last Lies,)
What if we two, whose dim forecast lies,
Bewilder'd in so vague, and vast Lies,
Quit *Politics*—and meet at ASTLEY'S?

TO THE SAME.

LEFT AT THE BAR OF THE SOMERSET-HOUSE COFFEE-HOUSE.

WHERE are the Wits, extoll'd of yore?

Like Master BISHOP—GONE BEFORE—

—Where's Master BISHOP?—As they are,

GONE FORWARD——but *not quite so far!*

—Him and his ways, three words explain—

The *Pit*—*Orchestra*—DRURY-LANE.

TO ANTHONY DICKINS ESQ.

IN ANSWER TO AN INVITATION TO DINNER.

JUNE 5, 1777.

BEFORE your friendly note I got,
Two Abchurch hams were in the pot:—
So much I heard upon the spot;—
And people deeper in the plot,
Dropt hints (I heard not clearly what)
Of fish-pans, fauce, and water hot,
Which put together, spelt turbot;
For which the parish pays the shot.

But viands move me not a jot;
To Lincoln's Inn, at four, I'd trot,

But

But that my promise bids me not,
 —To break such promise would (God wot)
 Be in my scutcheon a foul blot:—
 The more unlucky is my lot.

Yet must I pass for knave or sot,
 If your kind summons be forgot:
 Some fitter day I'll soon allot,
 At your and Madam's side to squat,
 Enjoy her pie, and SAL's Gavot.—
 —Else may each Muse in grove or grot
 Despise me, more than WILKES a Scot;
 More than a lion, a marmot!
 May cookmaids hoot me for a cot!
 May Dutchmen call me Hottentot!
 May all my rhymes on dunghills rot!
 Still may I fail, without pilot,
 On board the DISAPPOINTMENT Yatch;
 Meagre and mad as Don Quixote,

My wealth, a cypher and a dot;
May Tyburn's self, in the upshot,
String for my neck a running knot!
And my good name, outstink schalot!

TO THE SAME,

SHOT ON THE POINT OF AN ARROW, INTO HIS GARDEN

AT EWELL.

OCTOBER 27, 1779.

“FROM whence,” you’ll cry, “comes THIS, I trow?”

“From Spirits on high? or Imps below?”

’Tis not from Spirits on high—tho’ fure
What claims *our* Love, must *theirs* procure.

’Tis from no Imp—for, *entre-nous*,
The Devil better knows his cue:
Busy inferior souls to catch,
But shy of Worth—above his match.

In short (of doubts, at once, to ease ye)
’Tis from the DORKING STAGE, and please ye!

A flying *How d'ye!* and *God blefs ye!*

—But why in this odd mode address ye?—

To make you laugh, and, laughing, say,

“The Fool has *shot his bolt* to day.”

Tho' should you giggle, till you cry, Sir;

Till doom's-day; or till I grow wiser;

You can't *my* folly more deride,

Than I do, *half the world's* beside.

For, truly, when with clofer ken,

One views the trim of things and men;

How oft convenience, stands for conscience,

And wisdom, is but graver nonsense;

While, *bare-um!* *scare-um!* crowds jog on,

Imposing, and impos'd upon;

While this, I say, still meets one's eye;

Tho' *sometimes* it provoke a figh,

At *others*, 'tis at least as well,

Voir, etre, faire——la Bagatelle.

TO THE SAME,

ON HIS CALLING TO INQUIRE AFTER THE AUTHOR'S HEALTH,
WHEN CONFINED TO HIS CHAMBER WITH THE GOUT.

EXTEMPORE.

Soon as I heard your friendly rap,
I wish'd of course from gouty lap,
To greet you with poetic scrap,
But Fancy cried, "*Negatur*:"
She deals in vanity, a bit,—
But never, in her vaineft fit,
Could think of keeping pace in wit,
With DICKINS in Good-nature..

TO A LADY,

ON THE BIRTH OF HER GRANDSON.

IN *your*, and in your *Grandson's* name,
 A short, but hearty wish we frame:—
 May *he* down Life's smooth current swim,
 And still new cause occur,
 To make his Mother's pride in *Him*,
 As just, as *Yours* in *Her*!

TO THE BISHOP OF BANGOR.

APRIL 8, 1780.

'Tis true—we see, my LORD, the Times
 So rank in Follies, Vices, Crimes,
 That all the serious Truths you preach,
 Instruct not, more than they impeach.

Yet while th' enormities, you blame,
 Eclipse too visibly our fame,
 One sign at least, of grace suspends
 The total shame, our guilt portends.

For Censure's self will scarce engage,
 Ev'n on so profligate an age
 To fix an universal blot,—
 Till YOUR PROMOTION is forgot.

TO ALDERMAN BOYDELL.

FROM Esteem in CHEAPSIDE, to Eclat in PALL MALL,
 How happily BOYDELL proceeds;
 While his judgment discriminates efforts so well,
 To which his encouragement leads!

No wonder if loud approbation ensue!
 'Tis Merit's right natural fruit;
 When Spirit, like *his*, carries Arts into view;
 And those Arts carry SHAKESPEARE to boot!

TO THE REVEREND MR. FAYTING.

WOTTON, AUGUST 1779.

DEAR Sir! To you this packet bears
 My hearty duty, and best prayers.
 To which annexed a SCHEDULE is
 Of *Sundries* here at WOTTON——*Viz:*

A COUNTRY, delicately rude—
 (I mean not to be quaint, or shrewd,)
 My heart so calls, while my eye views it—
 Had I an apter phrase, I'd use it,
 A SOIL, so dry, that spite of rains,
 Along the ridge, or cross the plains,

POPE's flip-fhod Sybil might have past;
And not been wet-fhod, first or last.

A CONGREGATION, of plain men:—
Of Squires I've had as yet no ken;
For truly, thro' my time at least,
They've troubled neither Church nor Priest.

A PARSONAGE, on a spot in which
Wisdom herself her tent would pitch;
That scorns the storm, yet greets the gale;
Below the hills; above the vale.

A PARLOUR, whose dimensions lie,
More long, than wide; more wide, than high;
Yet high enough to dine, with ease,
A score—of Giants if you please;
Of Giants, tall, as earth e'er bred;—
Unless one fits on t'other's head!

A CHAMBER, trim as trim can be:

A BED, snugg—with a double G:

Furnish'd—how smartly, and how well,
In truth I slept too sound, to tell.

LAWNS, PONDS, a GARDEN, and a Mound,
With firs of classic grandeur crown'd:
And COMFORT, (some sure signs declare,)
Has taken up her Quarters there.

A YARD, where pigs and poultry stray:
A GLEBE, where all things seem to say,
The sooner Friends exhaust this store,
The sooner they'll make room for more.

Two ROOMS, on one foundation set;
Mere walls, and floors, and ceilings yet:
But Taste, my Landlord's engineer,
Stands bound to finish 'em next year.

AN HOST, and HOSTESS—but to show,
How far their courtesy can go,
Would puzzle an Extempore Muse;
And yet be telling *you* no news.

If peradventure, your esteem
Suggest more questions on this theme,
To solve such questions I'll endeavour,
In *viva voce* Prose—Yours ever.

TO THE SAME.

(ON A BROOMSTICK.)

1779.

“WRITE on a BROOMSTICK, Friend,” you cry’d:—

“Write *on*, and *for* YOURSELF,” says Pride.—

How shall I both commands fulfil?

You ought to rule me, and Pride will.—

What if I try, in one design

Duty, and Vanity to join?—

And while I urge the BROOMSTICK’s plea,

Describe, how it *resembles* ME?

Perhaps you may approve the hint;

Tho’ if you should, there’s danger in’t:

Approval,

Approval, such as yours, to get,
Would only make me prouder yet.

“Can prouder be?”—quoth Critic Laughter.
That’s even as shall appear hereafter:—
Enquire we now, wherein, and why;
Such as the Broomstick is, am I.

When once ’tis sever’d from the tree,
None heeds the Broomstick’s pedigree:
And who, I wonder, cares a pin,
From whom I sprung, to whom I’m kin?

Before the Broomstick of to-day
Came, *as* a Broomstick, into play,
’Twas pluck’d, and peel’d, and lopt, and clipt,
Of Boughs, as I of Fortune stript;
Then, like myself, at random hurl’d,
A bare adventurer on the world.

Most Broomsticks to a twist incline,
Just like this poking Pate of mine:

Nor

Nor can you fet, by art or might,
The Wood quite straight, the Head upright :
Nor is the Head, nor is the Wood,
Worth half the trouble, if you cou'd.

A Broomstick's point (if you attend)
Is always near it's bigger end :
So, (this dull ditty makes it plain,)
My thickest part is next my brain.

Humour a Broomstick, as you may,
'Twill crack, before it will give way :
And I, for my own whims contending,
Bear great antipathy to bending.

Tho' oft in squabbles it appear,
No Broomstick fights a volunteer;
Pres'd into combat, if it break
One's head, 'tis for *another's* sake :
—Such would I be ;—my friends to guard,
Would smite ; and, if I smote, smite hard ;

But

But never thro' the whole of life,
Stand forth, a *Principal* in strife.

The Broomstick ne'er affects extremes,
Content to *be*, the thing it seems :
May I, with stedfast mind and phiz,
Taking the world, as the world is,
Make such philosophy my own ;
Glad to let *well enough* alone !

True to it's proper part, and place,
The Broomstick scorns to push a face :
And I that maxim to a tittle
Pursue, some think too far a little ;
More prone to quit the ground I've got,
Than claim a rank I merit not ;
Conscious how scanty, at the most,
Is all Truth *can*, or Sense *would*, boast.

Witches, 'tis said, on Lapland's coast,
Astride their Broomsticks travel post :

So when the Muse is pleas'd to back
My *wooden* Genius for an hack,
Away she scampers, like a Witch,
Thro' thick and thin, cros hedge and ditch;
As if resolv'd, before we part,
To break her own neck, or my heart.

Broomsticks on no punctilios stand,
Ready alike for every hand:
So I my skill and powers would fuit,
(Powers how confin'd! skill how minute!)
To any need, at any call!—
Be useful—or not be at all.

One semblance more of me (God knows)
The Broomstick, too exactly, shows;
By bands, long! long! perhaps to last,
'Tis, like myself, to *Birch* bound fast!
—And shall things ever thus remain?—
'Tis fair to hope, tho' not complain.

I bear, meanwhile, what must be born :
And when to a mere Stump I'm worn,
Let this Eulogium on my Tomb stick,
“ *Here lies* THE MODEL OF A BROOMSTICK !”

TO THE REVEREND DR. ALTHAM.

THANKS FOR A PRESENT OF A PIG.

WRITTEN UNDER AN EMBLEM OF ELOQUENCE, REPRESENTED BY THE
FIGURE OF A MAN EXALTED ON A PEDESTAL, AND HOLDING
THE EARS OF HIS AUDITORS IN STRINGS.

FROM a scrub book, no matter what,
This Type of ELOQUENCE I got ;
But think, with better right and grace,
Your Pig may take the Speaker's place.

For, from the moment I drew out
From straw and packthread it's round snout,
I've listen'd to the news it brings,
As if it held my ears in strings.

Ask you upon what theme it dwells?
 —Hear then the tale, a dead Pig tells!—
 First, Sir, and foremost, thus it saith,
 “That Rumour is not ground for Faith.”
 —No great discovery I allow;—
 Yet mighty welcome doctrine *now*:
 For Rumour you must know, with too many
 Sad symptoms of a PERIPNEUMONY,
 Had laid you *up*—and would, no doubt,
 Ere long have kill’d, and laid you *out*.
 But this same Pig of yours alleges,
 (And for it’s truth it’s carcase pledges,
 Whereto it adds, by way of proof,
 A label scrawl’d with your own hoof,)
 That you (let Fame lie more or less)
 Two properties at least possess
 Of Men alive, and fit to live—
 —An *hand* to write—an *heart* to give.

Moreover,

Moreover, it sets forth, as fully,
 As if 't had studied under TULLY,
 That, spite of changes and of chances,
 Time, distance, and cross circumstances,
 An odd old Comrade's name can fill
 One corner of your memory still;
 An honour, truly worth my getting;
 A joy, that shrinks not in the wetting:
 To which, had I the life of NESTOR,
 I would subscribe my—*Ita testor.*

Am *I* then an ill estimator,
 Who call your Pig a PRIME ORATOR?
 No.—If 'tis ELOQUENCE's part
 To give a fillip to the heart,
 Try Pigs, and Speech-makers *ad libitum*,
 When, where, and how you please, exhibit 'em,
 Yet from earth's surface to it's centre,
 You'll never find an eloquenter.

So

So much for rhyme.—*Descende*, PEGASE!—
—What! and forget Dame HANWAY's Legacy!—
The Pig indeed spoke not a word on't;
Perhaps, because it never heard on't;
Perhaps, because it would not puff:
—But JEM's* authority's enough:
And JEM has stated an account
Of Goods and Monies;—whose amount
Will fill with plate *your* shop, and *his* shop;
Your pockets; and I hope your wish up;—
Whereof God give you joy!—Yours, BISHOP. }

* Dr. Altham's Brother.

TO MR. MERLIN.

WRITTEN IN ONE OF HIS CHAIRS, DURING A FIT OF THE GOUT.

FEBRUARY 4, 1789.

I.

YOU! who in Fortune's rough high road,
Which all are deem'd to whirl in,
For gouty feet, would keep a Seat,
Apply to Master MERLIN!

II.

Tho' coronets, fringe, and velvet deck
The Chair that holds an Earl in,
At Gout's first touch, he'd change ten such,
For *One* of Master MERLIN!

The

III.

The Beau must have a powdering Chair,
To frizz toupee, and curl in:—
Let him be fine, let ease be mine,
In Chair of Master MERLIN!

IV.

Some hire an Holiday Chaise and one,
To cram man, wife, boy, girl in:—
I neither need, nor company need,
In Chair of Master MERLIN!

V.

Talk not of Eastern Caravans,
With filk, gold, spice, and pearl in:—
Life knows no gain, like rest from pain,
In Chair of Master MERLIN!

You

VI.

You travel at your driver's will,
 In Dilly, Hack, or Berlin:—
 I choose my ground ; back, forward, round,
 In Chair of Master MERLIN !

VII.

The splendid Carriage oft admits
 A proud self-center'd churl in:—
 I with mankind the joy I find,
 In Chair of Master MERLIN !

VIII.

Your very Wheels a tax must pay,
 If public roads they twirl in:—
 He rides toll-free, who rides like me,
 In Chair of Master MERLIN !

IX.

Fancy, meanwhile, takes ample scope,
Her boldest sails t' unfurl in ;
From crippled limbs, at large she skims,
In Chair of Master MERLIN !

X.

Toes, ankles, knees, to facts so felt,
Their conscious suffrage hurl in ;
And Truth encores, from thousand pores,
O! bravo! MASTER MERLIN!

TO MR. AND MRS. SCOTT*,

ON THEIR MARRIAGE.

“ **W**HAT Dower has gentle **K**ATE to show?—
—Good-humour’s comfortable glow;
Voice, gesture, looks, that say,
One tried in pious Duty’s part,
A Maid with all a Mother’s heart,
Becomes a Bride to-day.

Let **H**IM, whose prudent choice prefers
Her, and endowments such as hers,

* Mrs. Scott was Miss Catherine Townley, one of the daughters of the Reverend James Townley, whose character the reader will find in this Volume.

Give blifs, as he is blest;
Devote his own, to aid her powers;
With love relieve her careful hours,
With love endear the rest.

Let KATE with sweet complacence earn,
With grace receive, with joy return,
Each proof of tender zeal;
For every praise, have every plea;
Be, all the fondest Wives can be;
Feel, all the happiest feel.

TO TWO AND TWENTY TOWNLEYS,

MET TOGETHER TO CELEBRATE THE SIXTIETH BIRTH-DAY OF
MR. KIRKES TOWNLEY.

SIGNED BY MR. MRS. AND MISS BISHOP.

JULY 27, 1776.

THREE BISHOPS, in three Bumpers, with three Cheers,
With every TOWNLEY all that life endears,
All Taste of Pleasure, and all Power to please;
In Youth all Spirit, and in Age all Ease!

Thus for the general TOWNLEY Train,

In general terms the BISHOPS pray:
But form a more peculiar strain

For *one* peculiar Friend—and say;

May no Complaint his ear engage,
But what his kindness can assuage!

No

No Strife his peaceful haunts alarm,
 But what his Candour can disarm!
 May never Grief, or Pain, or Want,
 Implore the help he cannot grant;
 Nor ever Want, or Grief, or Pain,
 Receive the help he grants, in vain!
 Where'er He is, may Comfort be!
 And every Comfort he shall see
 To gentle Worthiness assign'd,
 Bring Virtues of his own to mind!
 While He, thro' Life's remaining race,
 Preserves the present even pace;
 As perfect in each future scene,
 (Tho' many a Birth-day intervene,)
 As when this Sixtieth Birth-day past—
 —* GOOD UNCLE KIRKES—from first to last!

* The appellation by which this amiable Man was known in the Family.

TO THE REVEREND GEORGE STEPNEY TOWNLEY,
ON THE BIRTH OF HIS DAUGHTER MISS MARTHA TOWNLEY.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1779.

WHAT shall the Father hope, the Mother pray,
When their Girls' eyes first open to the day?

That ductile Spirit, simple Truth,
And pregnant Sensibility,
May lead up Infancy to Youth!—
And every prank of playful glee
Still seem to say, "This Babe was born
"A ROSE of Beauty, with no Thorn!"

That

That year by year, new female Grace
 To manlier Judgment may be join'd!
 Her Genius animate her Face!

Her Manner indicate her Mind!
 A Face, a Mind, that show her born
 A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That her full Form, and perfect Powers,
 The Worthy, and the Wise may strike;
 And Love, to bless her married hours,
 Conduct and match her to her Like!—
 One, who shall know, and boast her born
 A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That her capacious Heart may take
 Grateful, the share of Good decreed!
 And comfortable Candour make
 All she enjoys, be Joy indeed!—

Joy,

Joy, whose pure glow, may prove her born
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That never insult, loss, or pain,
May work an heavier weight of Care,
Than conscious Honour can disdain,
Or provident Discretion bear!
While meek Complacence speaks her born
A Rose of Beauty, with no Thorn!

That Age insensibly may creep!
And her last look may see survive
An Offspring of her own, to keep
Her Likeness, and her Name alive!
Then may she die, as she was born,
A ROSE OF BEAUTY, WITH NO THORN!

TO THE REVEREND MOSES PORTER,

ON THE DAY HIS DAUGHTER WAS BORN.

GIVE, PORTER! on receipt of this,
Your Daughter of to-day a kifs;
And to your Prayers for her, subjoin
A small, but hearty Wish of mine!
—That with sound Sense, and Conscience clear,
She thro' a sinful World may steer;
And, after every peril past,
Be, just what *now* she is, at last,—
One of the few, in all the throng,
Who have not liv'd a Day too long!

TO MR. WOODWARD*.

SONNET,

IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

HARRY ! (whose apt and quaintly pregnant skill
O'er prompt obedient features could diffuse
Each tint of wayward Humour ; while the Muse
Thro' all her fleet lubricities, at will
Pursued the Changeling ; limning portraits still,
Which mimic Art doth animate, and use
For worthiest ends ; fith therein Folly views
Her own form ; conscious, tho' she laugh her fill ;

* HARRY WOODWARD, born 1714, died April 17, 1777.

Haply so best confronted!) What to THEE,
The Public Ear hath ow'd, unquestion'd stands;
Whenas thy Powers, aye rising in degree,
Rais'd tiptoe Expectation's high demands;
And to the Scene gave that abundant glee,
Which to applaud long task'd a Nation's hands!

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ISAAC SCHOMBERG*.

COULD drugs of more immediate power,
 By skill more opportune apply'd,
 Protract, for man, the vital hour,
 No Friend of SCHOMBERG's e'er had dy'd!

Could warm Benignity of soul
 Arrest th' arm up-rear'd to kill,
 Death would have felt the bland controul,
 And SCHOMBERG had been living still!

* ISAAC SCHOMBERG, M. D. died March 1780.

CHARACTER OF THE REVEREND JAMES TOWNLEY,

FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

INTRODUCED IN AN EXERCISE,

SPOKEN AT THE FIRST PUBLIC EXAMINATION OF THE SCHOLARS
AFTER HIS DECEASE.* * * * * **F**OR one lost Friend

A tear will trickle, and a sigh ascend.—

Never did Friend Love more parental prove;

Never did Father bear more friendly Love;

Largely benevolent; minutely just;

Above Disguise, because above Distrust:

Sure, if he err'd, to err on Candour's side;

And only proud, to shew Contempt of Pride:

Frank,

Frank, but not forward ; without Rigor, right ;
 With Genius modest, and with Truth polite.
 Lively, yet liberal, his convivial Joke ;
 Warm Humour pointed it ; Good-nature spoke.
 Rich was his Fancy ; tho' unlabour'd, neat
 His Phrase ; and chaste, tho' comic, his Conceit.
 His Wit was Satire, by Address disarm'd ;
 The Manner won, ev'n whom th' attack alarm'd ;
 Save, when at Vice (to Vice alone a foe)
 Full in the face of Day, he aim'd his blow ;
 Or sped, unseen, th' effectual Shaft ; while Fame,
 That hail'd the Triumph, knew not *whose* the Claim.

CHARACTER OF THE REVEREND NICHOLAS FAYTING.

SPOKEN AT MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

ON this fame Spot, the Muses first
His infant dawn of Genius nurst:
On this fame Spot, they soon confest
His toils to public use addrest;
His care coercive, yet benign,
Endearing stricter discipline;
And blending in the Teacher's part,
The Cenfor's eye, the Parent's heart.
In Priestly Character, his zeal
Was what Conviction ought to feel:

Inflex-

Inflexibly severe, to tread
Where personal Duty's limits led;
And live in act, and be in thought,
A Comment on the Truths he taught.

His social hour's conspicuous merit
Was cheerful, yet corrected, Spirit;
That rais'd in each surrounding breast,
The same Good-humour it express'd.

His Judgment was a ray, that glow'd
To light strong Sense, thro' Reason's road:
Trac'd Worth's true price; and left Deceit
To work at will, it's own defeat.

His Charity had a double drift,
To give—and to conceal the gift;
Anxious to see the Good it dealt,
Not number'd, not describ'd—but felt!

Excellence so rare, from human view,
With Him, you lov'd so long, withdrew:—

—Yet why the falling star deplore?—

Heaven gains one Luminary more!

The Light his Life has ceas'd to give,

Will ev'n in his example live:

And Memory's grateful Incense burn,

Diffusing Radiance from his Urn!

MEM: SAC:

MATT. DISNEY—ARCHIB. BRAKENRIDGE.

SPIRITS, long loos'd from mortal care,
 If haply down your fields of air
 A momentary glance ye cast,
 And see a lonely lingerer stray
 Thro' paths, where oft in prankful play,
 With you his younger foot hath past!

 Accept the sudden tear, that steals
 Along his cheek.—For sure he feels
 The genuine impulse of the Muse;
 Who leading Memory back to you,
 Friends as ye were!—reminds him too,
 What Friends *himself* was doom'd to lose!

GODSTOW, JULY 12, 1775.

EPITAPH ON THE REVEREND MR. BLUCK,*FORMERLY CURATE OF ST. ANDREW'S HOLBORN.*

WHILE o'er this modest stone Religion weeps,
Beneath a generous cheerful Christian sleeps;
Refts from the Teacher's charge, the Scholar's part;
Labours of Love, and Virtues of the Heart:
Who own'd, observant still of Truth's fair rays,
No other guide, nor wish'd for other praise:
Who Friend to Man, and Foe to Vice alone,
Liv'd for our Blifs; and died to crown his own.

EPITAPH ON MRS. HAND,

IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE.

FOR Worth so dear, th' eternal tear might flow;
And Truth would justify an Husband's Woe:
But Truth the record of that Worth displays,
And takes from Sorrow, what it gives to praise:
Alternate claims his grateful heart divide;
And Memory's Misery is Affection's Pride.

INSCRIPTION,

DESIGNED FOR A BATH,

AT THE ROOKERY NEAR WOTTON IN SURRY.

WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF A FRIEND.

THOU, VIRGIN HALTH! who turn'ft with scorn away
From Luxury's lure, and Riot's rude affault,
To crown the genuine joy of Labour's day,
Or feast with Temperance in the moss-grown vault,
Wilt oft henceforth, if right of thee we deem,
When Hope shall HERE her azure pinions lave,
Ascend propitious with the bubbling stream,
And love to greet her in so pure a wave.

EPIGRAMS.

101

EPICRAMES

EPICRAMES



Printer

Vol. II

EPIGRAM I.

HOC AGE.

A VICAR in a certain vale,
His farmers thus addrest;
" As much, good friends, as you love ale,
" So much do I love rest:
" One humming cag, behind the stairs,
" This cellar key secures;
" Bate me but half to-morrow's prayers,
" And half that cag is yours."
Doctrine so feelingly propos'd,
His eager audience snapt;
The morrow came; the church stood clos'd;
The humming cag was tapt.

Bumper by bumper, jug by jug,
 A gradual vacuum made;
 Till hollow round the mid-way plug,
 Alarming echoes play'd.

"Doctor!" exclaim'd a child of fun,
 "O! heed what we implore!
 "And since so far so well you've done,
 "E'en do a little more!

"Snug as we are, thus hand to fist,
 "What pity 'twere to wag!—
 "Rest the whole day, if so you list,
 "And give us all the cag!"

EPIGRAM II.

PLUS, MINUS.

A DUTCHMAN's breeches, in full taste,
 Two contrasted extremes divide;
 Buttons, like platters, at the waist,
 And studs, like peas, along the side.

Each size presents, in emblem true,

A genuine DUTCHMAN's constant trim;
 The *large*—marks what he'd get by *you*—
 The *little*,—what you'll get by *him*!

EPIGRAM III.

PLUS, MINUS.

IF by "Plus, minus," I express

This paradox, that *more* is *less*,

No rule of grammar I transgress,

Nor dogmatize at random—
 The veriest horn-book scholar knows,
 That *half* round O* an hundred shows,
 While *whole* round O for nothing goes;
 —Quod erat demonstrandum.

* C.

EPIGRAM IV.

PLUS, MINUS.

WHO knows the end of vile corruption's reign?
 Marry, Sirs, that do I—nothing so plain:
 Ev'n then, when bankrupt bribery finds on trying,
 The more too much to buy,—the few, not worth the buying.

EPIGRAM V.

PLUS, MINUS.

PHYSIC, of *old*, her entry made,
 Beneath th' immense full-bottom's shade,

While

While the gilt cane with solemn pride,
To each sagacious nose apply'd,
Seem'd but a necessary prop,
To bear the weight of wig at top.

But *now* on medical heads one views
Bags, bobs, curls, scratches, clubs, and queues!
Thus thro' extremes point-blank, things fall:
None were too great; none are too small.

Tho' fashion changes perukes so,
Has phyfic's self been alter'd?—No.—
Her sons pursue the course they're pat in;
Still write apothecaries Latin;
Still finger fees, with due address;
Still kill, or cure us,—*more or less.*

EPIGRAM VI.

Τόλερον πρόλερον.

“BEFORE you trust men, try ’em,” proverbs fay,
But how d’ye try men, till you trust ’em, pray?

EPIGRAM VII.

Τόλερον πρόλερον.

SAYS BUTLER, “Hebrew roots are found

“To flourish most in barren ground.”

The reason is extremely plain—

Hebrew, observe it where you will,

Is *set* the wrong end foremost still,

And therefore *grows*, against the grain.

EPIGRAM VIII.

Υστερον προλεγον.

WOULD you run down a courtier,—to squat in his place,
His contract, his pension, his job?—
Before you begin with the rabble, the chace,
And worry the great, by the mob.—

So drovers of skill, when to manage a swine,
No other expedients avail,
By a twist of his rump, make him keep a strait line,
And govern his head, by his tail!

EPIGRAM IX.

Υστερον προλεγον.

“TIM!” said my grannum, “heed good counsel, TIM!
“And, e’er you trust the water,—learn to swim!”

EPIGRAM X.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

IN ROME of old her TITUS bore
The noblest, gentlest mind ;
Lord of the world ; and what was more,
The friend of human-kind ;
Supreme in virtue, as in rank,
'Twas his exalted plan,
To reckon every day a blank,
That had not bleft it's man.

How great ! how Godlike ! to survey
The suppliant round a throne ;
And giving each an happy day,
Make glorious *all* his own.

EPIGRAM XI.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

THREE things, three new-laid taxes crave;
 As three peculiar days enfue;
 The font, the altar, and the grave;
 For baptism, marriage, burial due.

“So far, so good,” might all men say,—
 But *here* the grievance will be found;
 For these on *three set days* we pay;
 For all things else, *the whole year round*!

EPIGRAM XII.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

AT the board of our BARONS, in BRITAIN's best days,
 When the Baron of Beef bore the bell,
 Their countrymen's love was the test of their praise,
 And their conquests, all countries could tell.

Such once were the days, which alas ! are no more !—

But why should they not be renew'd ?

Our Barons of Beef are no worfe than before :

Were the BARONS of BRITAIN as good.

EPIGRAM XIII.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

A NEEDY curate has, (the jokers fay,)

No chance to *rife*, before the judgment day.

That's a late day ; but better late than never ;

And late as that day is,—'twill *last for ever* !

EPIGRAM XIV.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

To Childermas day some object,

Some Friday deem a bad day ;—

But WILL, by no fuch motions check'd,

Lets no day be a fad day :

More

More cheerful still, as more in debt,
 He makes each day, a May-day;
 Nor would he ever fear, or fret,
 But for that queer day,—*Pay-day!*

EPIGRAM XV.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

CELIA'S mouth opens with her eyes;
 And out a curtain-lecture flies:—
 Then, breakfast puts her in a flutter;
 She quarrels with her bread and butter:—
 Dinner gives theme for new vexation;
 And every theme, a new oration:—
 While supper serves but to declare,
 How female tongues improve by wear.

Each dame, ('tis nothing but fair play,)
 Should take her turn, and have her day,

But CELIA wrangles, right or wrong,
 At *every* turn, and *all day long*;—
 Pip, Pop!—Snip, Snap!—Pell-mell!—Ding-dong! }

EPIGRAM XVI.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

APRIL the first stands mark'd by custom's rules,
 A day for being, and for making fools:—
 But, pray, what custom, or what rule supplies
 A day for making, 'or for being—*wife*?

EPIGRAM XVII.

STAT SUA CUIQUE DIES.

WHEN EUCLIO a snug fuddle chose,
 For want of better conversation,
 His man was call'd (the story goes)
 To share a *tête à tête* potation.

By

By the mere force of grave hob-nob,
Bumpers flew faster still, and faster;
“ Master, my sarvice ! ” — “ Thank ye, Bob ! ” —
“ Here’s to ye, Robert ! ” — “ Thank ye, Master ! ”

Such bufinefs, follow’d up fo close,
Soon brought them to the end o’th’ tether;
They pafs’d their day; they took their dofe;
Star’d, flutter’d, stagger’d, fnor’d together.

Thus bout, at home, fucceeded bout;
For *there* was no restraint before ’em;
But when occafion call’d them out,
Twas proper to preferve decorum:

And therefore they agreed to make
A *bond fide* ftipulation,
Strict turn and turn, abroad, to take;
One drunk, one fober, in rotation.

The

The first day was the Master's right ;
 And each perform'd the part decreed him;
 The Squire was reeling ripe by night,
 And Robert cool enough to lead him.

Soon after Robert's day came round,
 When to a neighbouring peer's they fally'd;
 Whose tap so free, whose ale so found,
 With Robert's taste exactly tally'd:—

But in the pith of all his pride,
 A summons from his Master caught him,
 Who took him cunningly aside,
 And thus in soothing style besought him:

“ Robert, I've had *my* day, I know ;
 “ And this, I know, to thee is due for't ;
 “ But wouldst thou now thy claim forego,
 “ Hereafter I'll allow thee two for't”.—

“ 'Tis

" 'Tis hard," quoth Robert, " to deny,
 " And from my soul I pity you, fir;
 " But what you ask, is more than I,
 " 'Tis more than fate itself can do, fir.

" Tho' mild as mother's milk, it be,
 " His lordship's stingo's wond'rous heady :—
 " The day is three parts spent, you see,
 " And I am three parts gone already !"

EPIGRAM XVIII.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

A THOUSAND objects of desire,
 On foreign coasts you'll view ;
 Now art, now nature's works admire,
 Here splendor, there virtù :—

But blessings which at home you see,
 Sublimer joy suggest :
 Old ENGLAND gives you Liberty ;
 And that gives all the rest.

EPIGRAM XIX.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

WHAT d'ye think of this Pig, said a man to his friend,
 Whose Learning has made such a fuss?
 All the world goes to see him, all who see him commend:
 Is the wonder in him, or in us?

All the world, quoth his friend, is for once in the right;
 'Tis instinct that sanctions the whim;
 We know our own sense has long taken it's flight;
 And of course, run to seek it in *Him*!

EPIGRAM XX.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

IN Epigram would you excel?—
 Before take care to *point* it well.
 But where must this same point be got?
 —Where? quoth a wag—Here on the spot:—

E'en

E'en put a period to your stuff:—
A *full point* fure, is *point enough*.

EPIGRAM XXI.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

I'M sick, said JACK, I faint, I die,
Whene'er a coxcomb meets my eye;
Hence daily, hourly, I endure
A pain, that will admit no cure.
"No cure!" quoth RICHARD, "by the mafs!"
"Why learn to drefs without a glafs."

EPIGRAM XXII.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

"WHEN little JACK HORNER, so close in a corner,
"Sat eating of Christmas pie,
"He put in his thumb, and he pull'd out a plumb,
"And said, What a good boy am I."

When the venal and base, to eke out job or place,
The national business delay,
Con-tracting, *pro*-tracting, *sub*-tracting, *ex*-acting,
And are paid—for mere taking of pay;
What are they, but JACK HORNERS, who snug in their corners,
Cut freely the public pie?
Till each with his thumb, has squeez'd out a *round Plumb*,
Then he cries, What a Great Man am I!
Yet tho' at this rate, ye Horners of state,
Every finger's an hook for a fee,
Were it not for the PLUMBS you keep under your *Thumbs*,
God knows, where your *Heads* might be!

EPIGRAM XXIII.

SPOKEN AT MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL,
AND ADDRESSED TO THE COMPANY.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

For subjects of exalted praise,
In Glory's arduous track,
To records of old BRITISH Days,
We look with wonder *back*:

To Virtues, whose effect sublime
Shall freedom's annals fill,
Hope, thro' the long abyfs of time,
Bids us look *forward* still:

But when for living Worth men ask,
Where, where shall it be found?—
Oh! that's indeed an easy task;
'Tis only to look *round*!

EPIGRAM XXIV.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

No plate had JOHN and JOAN to hoard,
Plain folk, in humble plight;
One only tankard crown'd their board;
And that was fill'd each night;—

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby ANGEL's face.

JOHN swallow'd first a moderate sup;
But JOAN was not like JOHN;
For when *her* lips once touch'd the cup,
She fwill'd, till all was gone.

JOHN

JOHN often urg'd her to drink fair;
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the ANGEL there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When JOHN found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the ANGEL stood so plain,
He got a DEVIL portray'd.

JOAN saw the horns, JOAN saw the tail,
Yet JOAN as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.—

JOHN star'd, with wonder petrify'd;
His hair stood on his pate;
And “why dost guzzle now,” he cry'd,
“At this enormous rate?”—

“Oh!

" Oh! JOHN," she said, " am I to blame?"

" I can't in conscience stop:

" For sure 'twould be a burning shame,

" *To leave the Devil a Drop!*"

EPIGRAM XXV.

NE—QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

IN quest of ASIATIC stores,

Pagodas, and rupees,

Oft BRITAIN'S sons, from BRITAIN'S shores,

Have travers'd eastern seas.

So *should* her Sons, perhaps you'll say,

Commerce and power pursue.—

But *Daughters* in the present day,

Are sent adventurers too!

Consign'd

Consign'd the market's chance to stand;
And wedded, if they wed,
To sicken in a sun-burnt land,
And share a casual bed!

Ye virgin train! for shame! for fear!
From trade so vile withhold!—
The husband's wealth is bought too dear,
For which the wife is sold.

EPIGRAM XXVI.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

THREE strangers blaze amidst a bonfire's revel;
The Pope, and the Pretender, and the Devil.—
Three strangers hate our faith, and faith's defender;
The Devil, and the Pope, and the Pretender.—
Three strangers, will be strangers long, we hope;
The Devil, and the Pretender, and the Pope.—

Thus

Thus in three rhymes, three strangers dance the hay:
—And he that chooses to dance after 'em, may.

EPIGRAM XXVII.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

VIRTUES, and fashions, jointly share
All ENGLAND'S pride, all ENGLAND'S care;
From foreign fops, and coxcomb courts,
Fashions, by wholesale, she *imports*;
But let it, to her praise, be known,
OLD ENGLAND'S VIRTUES, *are her own!*

EPIGRAM XXVIII.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

JOHN BULL, whene'er the magot bites,
Cropfick with ease and quiet,
Raves about wrongs, roars about rights;
All rumpus, rage, and riot.

But

But if a foreign foe intrudes,
 JOHN tells a different story;
 Away with fears! away with feuds!
 All's Union, Triumph, Glory!

He scorns DONS, DUTCHMEN, and MOUNSEERS,
 And spite of their alliance,
 With half the world about his ears,
 Bids t'other half Defiance!

EPIGRAM XXIX.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

ONLY mark how grim CODRUS's visage extends!
 How unlike his ownself! how estrang'd from his friends!
 He wore not this face, when eternally gay,
 He revell'd all night, and he chirrup'd all day.
 Honest CODRUS had then his own house at his call;
 'Twas Bachelor's, therefore 'twas Liberty Hall:
 But now he has quitted possession for life;
 And he lodges, poor man! in the house of his wife!

EPIGRAM XXX.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

'T WAS worthy BRITAIN'S power and fame,
 On distant Otaheite's shore,
 To bid her gallant Cook proclaim,
 Virtues, and arts, unknown before.

May future Cooks as boldly roam,
 And keep the same illustrious track!
 But bring no more Omai's home,
 To carry all our follies back!

EPIGRAM XXXI.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

FRENCH valets, in spite of all clamour, inherit
 (Such merit as 'tis) one species of merit,
 Exclusive of puff and parade:—
 If you kick your man JOHN, he'll return you a whirret;
 You may break your own heart, e'er you break English spirit;
 But a FRENCHMAN'S a slave ready made.

EPIGRAM XXXII.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

ON travelling our ideas run,
When we lament a buried brother—
“ Poor Tom’s *gone* under ground,” says one ;
“ Tom’s *gone* to his long home,” says t’other.

Whatever terms describe th’ event,
One truth of each dead friend we know :
He’s gone, where all *before* him *went* ;
And where, all *after* him *must* go.

EPIGRAM XXXIII.

QUÆRE PEREGRINUM.

FROGS make, they say, a savoury mess,
As skilful FRENCHMEN treat ’em :—
Since none but FRENCHMEN then can drefs,
Let none but FRENCHMEN eat ’em !

EPIGRAM XXXIV.

QUÆRE PEREGRINAM.

ONE Native of a distant coast,
 Her Sex's, and her Country's boast,
 Th' applauding World had seen:
Her BRITAIN's Genius knew design'd,
 The friend, and favourite of Mankind;
 And claim'd her for a QUEEN!

Whate'er distinctions we may raise,
 'Twixt foreign and domestic praise,
 In this we all concur:
 Wherever born, 'tis Worth alone,
 Makes *Her* so fit for such a Throne,
 And such a THRONE for *HER*.

EPIGRAM XXXV.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

WHEN Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,
His wife was plaistering dearee's head;
Who sigh'd; but dar'd not shake it!—
'Tis well Tom's pace is something slower;
For had he come an hour before,
He'd seen the vixen break it!

EPIGRAM XXXVI.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

IF with good-will you'd have a favour come,
Ask it when dinner's dishing up, say some:
Hunger, sharp set, and eager for attacking,
Will grant you any thing, to send you packing.

Others

Others on different principles proceed;—
 Ask just when dinner's over, is their creed:
 While lips are smacking, and while bumpers flow,
 'Tis an hard mouth indeed, that can say No.

Which hour, and which advice of course, is best,
 Whoever loves contesting, may contest:
 On either side, this general rule stands fast:
 —Good eating makes good humour, first or last.

EPIGRAM XXXVII.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

WHILE JOE moves all too quick, or all too slow,
 No hour of joy can be the hour of JOE:
 But NICK (fly rogue!) is ne'er too slow, nor quick;
 The nick of time, is still the time of NICK!

EPIGRAM XXXVIII.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

WOULD Fate on me two luckier hours bestow,
I'd give 'em to my friend, and to my foe:—
One to embrace the partner of my heart;
And so to meet, as never more to part:—
And one, from him who hates me to retreat;
And so to part,——as never more to meet.

EPIGRAM XXXIX.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

WHEN HARRY'S shrill beldame thinks proper to stray,
"Come hang out the broom, HAL," his neighbours all say,
"And throw every care on the shelf"—
'Tis a fortunate hour, which full dearly he earns;
For 'tis twenty to one, but when Madam returns,
He'll be ready to hang out himself!

EPIGRAM XL.

FATI VALET HORA BENIGNI.

IN myriad swarms, each summer fun
 An insect nation shows;
 Whose being, since he rose, begun;
 And e'er he sets will close.

Brief is their date, confin'd their pow'rs,
 The fluttering of a day;—
 Yet life's worth living, ev'n for hours,
 When all those hours—are play.

EPIGRAM XLI.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

YOU may talk of your houses of Commons and Lords,
 Of the strength of their lungs, and the length of their words;
 But in spite of their Cons, and in spite of their Pros,
 They that speak to the point, are the *Ayes* and the *Noes*!

EPIGRAM XLII.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

WOULD you rise in the state, you the state must oppose,
At measures must fret, and at ministers foam ;
As they double their offers, redouble your blows ;
Turn your back on all terms, till it suits you to close ;
And you'll certainly find, if you follow your nose,
That the farthest way round, is the shortest way home.

EPIGRAM XLIII.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

IN a suit of three years, for three pinches of snuff,
Here's a brief of three yards—I hope that's brief enough !

EPIGRAM XLIV.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

ON Folly's lips eternal tatlings dwell :
Wisdom speaks little—but that little, well.

So length'ning shades the sun's decline betray ;
But shorter shadows mark meridian day.

EPIGRAM XLV.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

CELIA her sex's foible shuns ;
Her tongue no length of larum runs ;
Two phrases answer every part :
One *gain'd*, one *breaks*, her husband's heart ;
I *will*, she said, when made a bride ;—
I *wont*—thro' all her life beside.

EPIGRAM XLVI.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

Now with longs, and with shorts, all our heads are so full,
I tell you an English grammatical bull :
Compare the word “ short,” and you'll find it confess,
That “ shorter” is longer, and “ shortest” longest.

EPIGRAM XLVII.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

LET poets for goddesſes rack their invention ;
 Let philoſophers drefs up ideas of virtue ;
 Let hiſtorians to merit invite our attention,
 While fable, or fancy, or fact, they recur to :—
 We can put all they ſay, aye and more, all they mean,
 Into one little ſyllable's compaſs—the QUEEN !

EPIGRAM XLVIII.

NON BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

WHO wants a wife ? I know three ſiſters gay,
 Not vulgar MARGERYS, JANES, or JOANS are they ;
 No—they have names enough to fill a tub—
 Miſs BARBARA, JULIANA, MARGARETTA ;
 Miſs LEONORA, CAROLINE, JANETTA ;
 And Miſs JOANNA, SERAPHINA—GRUBB !

EPIGRAM XLIX.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

FIRST in the bunch the grape's red hue,
 Then in the bottle glows ;
 But last, and most and longest too,
 O! COTTA! in thy nose.

EPIGRAM L.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

THE gamester, broke down, by a run of ill fate,
 Turns author, and politic-monger, for pay :
 From a cheat on the cards, becomes quack in the state,
 And shuffles in print, as he shuffled at play.
 The same inspiration both characters catch ;
 For the gamester's Old Nick, is the scribbler's Old Scratch.

EPIGRAM LI.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

WISDOM, we grant, may justly claim
 The tribute of a deathless name,
 To signalize the great, and good in:—
 But pray let Folly have her due:—
 The names she grants are deathless too:
 Our sons will know, our grandfires knew,
 TOM FOOL, MERRY ANDREW, and JACK PUDDING!

EPIGRAM LII.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

WHEN vagrants BRIDEWELL'S discipline begin,
 They're with a formal whipping usher'd in:
 And when the warrant's period comes about,
 With equal ceremony they're whipp'd out:
 Which *whipping out* supplies each rogue in grain,
 With a new chance for *whipping in* again.

EPIGRAM LIII.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

By never-failing cunning taught,
Her arts the spider plies;
And ambush'd in the web she wrought,
A fell assassin lies.

By never-ceasing rashness led,
The fly pursues his way,
Bolts on the snare his heedless head,
A self-devoted prey.

Nature upholds her general reign
By everlasting rules:
Her spiders would be *knaves* in vain,
Unless her flies were *fools*.

EPIGRAM LIV.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

WHEN a bard, o'er his pipe, a dull ditty composes,
And critics, unmerciful, turn up their noses,
With anonymous praises the papers he stuffs;
And the offspring of *whiffs*, is the parent of *puffs*.

EPIGRAM LV.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

JOHN BULL, 'tis said, and 'tis most truly said,
Has evermore a windmill in his head:
Which still, as fashions, factions, fancies sway,
With every puff, is whiffled every way.
Yet all his changes no amendment note;
They're different trimmings to the same fool's coat.
In each fantastick turn, JOHN BULL you read:
—Should John grow wiser, 'twould be change indeed!

EPIGRAMS.*EPIGRAM LVI.*

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

HATCH'D all from alien eggs, along the meads,
 The jocund hen a troop of ducklings leads :
 But when the dangers of the pool they brave,
 And plunge intrepid in the dreadful wave ;
 High beats her fluttering heart ; she calls ; she cries ;
 And restless round and round the margin flies.—
 Alike unalter'd, nature's powers occur ;
 Instinct in them, parental care in her :
 The offspring's deed proclaims a race unknown ;
 A mother's feelings prove the brood her own.

EPIGRAM LVII.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

CURIO, whose hat a nimble knave had snatch'd,
 Fat, clumsy, gouty, asthmatic, and old,
 Panting against a post, his noddle scratch'd,
 And his sad story to a stranger told—

“ Follow

"Follow the thief," reply'd the stander by;
 "Ah! Sir!" said he, "these feet will wag no more!"
 "Alarm the neighbourhood with an hue and cry"—
 "Alas! I've roar'd as long as lungs could roar!"

 "Then," quoth the stranger, "vain is all endeavour;
 "*Sans* voice to call, *sans* vigour to pursue;
 "And since your *bat*, of course, is gone for ever,
 "I'll e'en make bold to take your *wig*—Adieu!"

EPIGRAM LVIII.

Κρύστα χαλκίων.

LODG'D in pure hands, the very ore refines;
 What merit earns, with honour we can hold;
 An honest penny, a base pound outshines;
 The gold of Fraud is brass—the brass of Virtue, gold!

EPIGRAM LIX.

Κρύστα χαλκίων.

MORE scraps of JOHNSON! thro' more volumes spread!
 Not ev'n the grave can cover now it's dead!
 Poor bard! thy gold must be a ductile mass!
 For, fure, it serves to gild a world of *brass*!

EPIGRAM LX.

Κρύστα χαλκίων.

WOMEN, it seems, whoe'er pay scot and lot,
 'May serve church-wardens, overseers—what not?
 For so in solemn fort the Courts aver'd,
 Term. Hil. the 28th of GEORGE the THIRD.—
 O! Lawyers! Lawyers! who such suits abet,
 Think what you hazard for the fees you get!
 The very arguments you now devise,
 In time to come, against yourselves may rise!
 And prove, as well equipp'd for wordy war,
 A Bench of Grannums—and a Female Bar!

EPIGRAM LXI.

Κρύστα χαλκίων.

How heroes liv'd and died of yore,
 No antiquarians care;
 And yet would give the world t' explore,
 If CÆSAR or if CATO wore
 A button round or square.

How unaccountable a page
 Does human whim unfold!
 When thus enquiry, grave and sage,
 Can grub amidst the *rust* of age,
 And overlook the *gold*!

EPIGRAM LXII.

Κρύστα χαλκίων.

When once, VOLTAIRE, with jealous rage,
 Attack'd our SHAKESPEARE'S glorious page,

To give abuse a gloss,
 In FRENCH translation's awkward mould,
 He first debas'd the genuine Gold,
 Then judg'd it by his dross.

Vain impotence of critic spite!
 SHAKESPEARE'S old sterling, solid, bright,
 All tastes and times will suit:—
 While the pert FRENCHMAN'S baser mass,
 If rank'd at all, will rank with brass;—
 And worthless brass, to boot.

EPIGRAM LXIII.

Κρύστα χαλκίων.

“PAIN,” said the Stoic in the gout,
 “Pain is no evil, Wisdom knows!”
 What then has Wisdom been about?
 She's taught a philosophic lout,
 To quibble with his toes!

EPIGRAM LXIV.

Κρύσεια χαλκίων.

GOLD shall make gold, the rash adventurer cries,
 Risques all upon a chance—and beggar'd dies—
 But moderate profits wisdom's commerce show,
 None go so sure, as they who softly go;
 The root of gradual growth takes firmest hold;
 Let gold get brags—that brags will soon get gold.

EPIGRAM LXV.

Κρύσεια χαλκίων.

POOR TOM three wives has fairly reckon'd—
 A vixen was the first;
 A bitterer bargain still the second;
 And then the third, and worst.

Prithee,

Prithee, dear Tom, hear wisdom's word!

So many trials past!

Since change the worst, was change the third,

Make change the third—the last!

EPIGRAM LXVI.

Κρίσσεα χαλκῶν.

THERE'LL be a coinage soon, we're told;

To stop all currency improper;—

And every farthing on't will hold

It's real worth in bulk of copper.

Jews sweated guineas heretofore;

But should reform like this ensue,

In absolute weight of standard ore

A guinea's change will sweat a Jew.

EPIGRAM LXVII.

Κρύσεα χαλκῶϊων.

WHY, CHLOE, why with rouge o'erlay
Those cheeks of native glow?
"One must do like the world," you say,
"And all the world does so."—

Ah! CHLOE, from example's book
You take a lofing cue;
For while like every hag you look,
Each hag can look like you!

EPIGRAM LXVIII.

Κρύσεα χαλκῶϊων.

TWO golden keys, the Popes contend
From PETER to themselves descend;

Keys

Keys that command above, below,
 The eternal gates of bliss, and woe.
 A glorious privilege, you'll agree all,
 Had we more ground to think it real;
 But Popes think fit, *they* best know why,
 To let the proofs on't dormant lie;
 Contented with the bare pretence,
 While PETER's Keys bring *Peter-Pence*!

EPIGRAM LXIX.

Κρίσις χαλκίων.

FRIAR BACON form'd by spells, we're told,
 A brazen jobbernole, of old,
 That should great Truths have spoke;
 But while the drowzy-sage delay'd,
 "*Time comes, time is, time's past,*" it said;
 And vanish'd into smoke.

Skill,

Skill like the Friar's, would gold surpass,
 Who manufacturing vulgar *brass*,
 Could such an head produce on't;
 But, sure, whate'er his skill might be,
 'Twas *wooden* wit, you'll all agree,
 To make no better use on't!

EPIGRAM LXX.

Κρύστα χαλκίων.

H EED not the tales the smuggling crew repeat!
 They'll surely cheat you, who teach you to cheat:
 He deals, to lose, who takes base means to save:
 'Tis a fool's purchase, when it makes a knave!

EPIGRAM LXXI.

Κρύστα χαλκίων.

A RUM Doctor affirms, by a method cocksure,
 That in spite of your joints, all your gout he can cure:

But let him, who regards either person or purse,
 Be aware how he hazards the making bad, worse :
 Ev'n brags for your gold, with a quack you don't share;
His is all in his forehead—and that he can't spare.

EPIGRAM LXXII.

SPOKEN AT MERCHANT-TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

Κρύσταλ ΧΑΛΚΕΩΝ.

YOUR venerable Chaplain* once,
 (Tho' now with age he bend,)
 Train'd *here* the scholar, lash'd the dunce,
 A Master, and a Friend.

To profit by his well-known care,
 His child a Butcher brought ;
 And all the needful to prepare,
 A dictionary bought.

* MR. FAYTING.

Before

Before a week it's course had run,
 The Butcher came again—
 "Take back your book, give back my son,"
 He cried, with might and main:—
 "*Larning*!—'tis money thrown away,
 "Such *Larning* to procure:
 "The book don't show, the boy can't say,
 "What's Latin for a skewer!"

EPIGRAM LXXIII.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF BUSSY RABUTIN.

Κρύσεα χαλκείων.

"PRAISE premature is idle breath;
 "No fame is just, till after death!"
 So CLODIO is for ever crying:
 "Excuse me, CLODIO, then," say I;
 "I rate not *your* applause so high,
 "To think of earning it—by dying!"

EPIGRAM LXXIV.

PAR PARI.

PAR PARI, has two senses, both in use;
 And both in different circumstances pat:
 'Tis like to like—when blockheads club abuse;
 When wits give satire edge—'tis tit for tat!

EPIGRAM LXXV.

PAR PARI.

THO' proportion so often in nature takes place,
 There's a general exception in one common case;
 'Tis a feature of instinct, no power can efface:
 For the greatest of objects when action we try,
 And the greatest of subjects, where speech we apply,
 Is the smallest of letters—*viz.*—I, by't self, I.

EPIGRAM LXXVI.

PAR PARI.

WHAT boiling, melting, squeezing, mixing, stirring,
To make our English punch are all concurring.
The Scotch receipt to simpler modes resorts;
—To two full quarts of brandy—*add two quarts.*

EPIGRAM LXXVII.

PAR PARI.

WHEN two fools in the street, rush impetuously by,
“Run Devil, run Baker,” the populace cry;
But no legend as yet, tho’ so frequent the chace,
Has recorded which wins, or which loses the race:
Whether elsewhere, or not, any likeness they catch,
In running, it seems, they’re at all times *a match.*

EPIGRAMS.*EPIGRAM LXXVIII.*

PAR PARI.

FAME says, there are (we hope fame fibs)

Among our modern youth,
Who lace around their dainty ribs,
A pair of stays, forsooth!

Fortune! howe'er in different ways
Thou fettest rank, and riches,
O! match these milkfop males in stays
With wives that wear the breeches!

EPIGRAM LXXIX.

PAR PARI.

OBERVE the barrister expand
A copious length, and breadth of band;

Who

Who when a college smart of yore,
A snip scarce statutable wore ;
And yet 'tis nothing hard to trace
Proportion's rule in either case :
The band in academic station,
Was little—like his application ;
But now, encreas'd by due degrees,
'Tis large, and ample—as his fees !

EPIGRAM LXXX.

PAR PARI.

DAME Fortune, in her frolic fallies,
Cuts men to fit,—like bakers' tallies :
For her own work, makes her own tools ;
Forms fools for knaves—and knaves for fools.

EPIGRAM LXXXI.

PAR PARI.

FOR every living thing on shore,
 Our naturalists agree,
 The acute observer may explore
 Some counter-part at sea.

One proof this rule's not strictly true,
 Our BRITISH TARS will stand;
 Who ne'er by sea their EQUALS knew,
 Nor yet their *like*—by land.

EPIGRAM LXXXII.

PAR PARI.

OLD GULO, one day, gravely shaking his head,
 To his comrades a lecture of temperance read:

“ In

“ In all eating, and drinking, proportion purfue,—
 “ That’s my method,” faid he—and indeed he faid true:
 For wherever good wine, and good ven’fon he found,
 He would drink ye three bottles—and eat ye three pound.

EPIGRAM LXXXIII.

PAR PARI.

WHEN you fee a fine Lady trot jiggiting by,
 With a niddledy-noddledy plume, a yard high,
 O, fay, if ye can, ye philosophers, whether
 Is her feather like her?—or is ſhe like her feather?

EPIGRAM LXXXIV.

PAR PARI.

IN an old Rabbi’s book, this ſtory’s given—
 When EVE and ADAM firſt were man and wife,
 Ten veſſels full of Speech came down from Heav’n,
 Nine out of which the woman kept for life.

In active pow'rs of head, and hand and heart,
 ADAM, no doubt, surpass'd his consort far;
 Yet EVE had wherewithal to play her part;—
Nine words in ten, set all upon a par!

EPIGRAM LXXXV.

PAR PARI.

WHEN Doctors, twenty years ago,
 Wore wigs of venerable flow,
 A bodkin sword's diminutive stump
 Stuck right across each phycic rump,
 Whose short dimensions seem'd to say,
 "Our object is to save, not flay."
 An emblem apt enough, I trow.—
 But wicked wits pretend to show,
 For swords so small, an apter still—
 —"We've other ways than *one*—to kill!"

EPIGRAM LXXXVI.

PAR PARI.

No Fame of Thrones, that whileome were,
 No Thrones that now are seen,
 Show such an Exemplary Pair,
 As BRITAIN'S King and Queen.

From Worth so long, so well display'd,
 Allegiance argues thus;
 As *they* were for *each other* made,
 So *both* were made for *us*.

EPIGRAM LXXXVII.

PAR PARI.

"MADAM!—My Dear!—I bid!—I beg!—
 "Don't!—Don't be dogged—Prythee, PEG!"—
 "Why look ye, Lovee!"—PEG reply'd;
 "Like meat, like fauce!—Like spouse, like bride!"

"If a tartar you'll be, you a tartar shall catch!—

"Coax and kifs! here's your wife! Huff and cuff! here's your match!"

EPIGRAM LXXXVIII.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

OFFICIOUS friends, when things go wrong,
Have all one burden to their song:

"Turn over a new leaf"—each cries.—
But little from their hints we gain—
We turn, alas! the leaf in vain,
Unless we read it, with new eyes.

EPIGRAM LXXXIX.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

IN due regard to modern taste,
TOM DUPE, the village squire,
Along a barn, in prospect plac'd,
Three scraps of paint-smear'd windows trac'd,
And half a Gothic spire.—

Thus

Thus in antiques by fashion's lore,
The sham thing hides the true one;
The barn, top, bottom, sides, and floor,
Was an *old* Ruin heretofore——
And now 'tis made a *new* One!

EPIGRAM XC.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

THE Vicar of BRAY, an old chronicle faith,
Turn'd backward and forward with equal address;
Profess'd new allegiance, espous'd a new faith,
Under HENRY, and EDWARD, and MARY, and BESS.
Thus papist and protestant, parson and priest,
As he heard each new call, so he warmly pursu'd it:
No wonder his zeal for conversion increas'd,
While his zeal for the vicarage daily renew'd it!

EPIGRAM XCI.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WHEN Sloth puts urgent business by,
 "To-morrow's a new day," she'll cry.
 And all *her* morrows prove it true,—
 They're *never us'd*—and therefore *new*!

EPIGRAM XCII.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

THE snake, tradition's tale avers,
 Casts once a year his speckled skin;
 Yet no improvement change infers;
 'Tis still the self-same snake, within!
 Too like the supple courtier's trim,
 Who turns and twists, occasion's slave:—
 'Tis change of fides, not change of him!
 New knavery—but the same old knave!

EPIGRAM XCIII.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

LAW ne'er could give the good relief,
Should all the bad forsake her!—
Nothing so fit as an *old thief*,
To make a *new thief-taker*!

EPIGRAM XCIV.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WHAT drestes, equipages, buildings new,
In court and city rush upon our view!
Thro' modes of taste our high-bred vulgar run:
Stark mad for every novelty—but one!
Does honour pay for all? Did merit earn?
—No—that's a novelty, they've yet to learn!

EPIGRAM XCV.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

IF LETSOM'S Mangell Wertzel root,
 Be old, or modern botany,
 Will stand, perhaps, theme for dispute,
 While disputants we've got any.

In this, howe'er, we all agree,
 And own it for a true thing,
 To give it, without price or fee,
 In Phyfic, is a *new* thing.

EPIGRAM XCVI.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WHEN ENGLAND'S foes her follies view,
 Each day, each hour, shows something new;
 But let them try in Arms their skill,
 And ENGLAND—is OLD ENGLAND still!

EPIGRAM XCVII.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

“**R**EAD! Read!” the thread-bare Poet cries;
 “ New powers of verse I bring:
 “ At every line new beauties rise,
 “ Spontaneous while I sing!”

Poet! thy boast would seem more true,
 One fact if thou could’st quote;
 Had powers and beauties all so new,
 Procur’d thee——a *new coat*!

EPIGRAM XCVIII.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

THAT CELIA’S sick to death, whene’er
 My fond attachment I declare,

I must believe, because she said it.—
 But that her Ladyship would die,
 Were fifty fools as fond as I,
 Is more than I have faith to credit.
 She'll live on to be su'd, while she's lovers to sue;
 If not for more reasons, at least for these two;—
 Out of spite to the old, and in hopes of the new. }

EPIGRAM XCIX.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

TOM WHIFFLE changes every day;
 But that's but half the curse;
 He changes evermore one way;—
 To wit—from bad to worse!

EPIGRAM C.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WE blame too justly modern times;
 Their follies, fopperies, vices, crimes;—

Yet

Yet candour must allow,
 They cherish patriot spirit still,
 Proof of good sense, good taste, good will,
 That does them honour, now!

Look round on SUNDAY SCHOOLS—and own
 That ENGLISH Genius there hath shone,
 In style august, tho' new:
 Our fathers felt for general weal;
 We—chang'd, but not degenerate, feel
 For general Virtue too!

EPIGRAM CL.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

“**T**HERE'S nothing new beneath the sun”—
 So ancient wit's decisions run;

But wit no match for facts is:—
 For I know things, and so do you,
 Tho' everlasting, ever new!—

What think you, firs, of TAXES?

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM CII.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

'TWIXT those Poets of old, and our Poets of late,
 One perpetual distinction holds true:—
 The New in a twinkling are all out of date;
 The Old will *forever be new*!—

EPIGRAM CIII.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WHEN, late, our Sovereign's health restor'd,
 A Nation's feelings prov'd,
 How universal was th' accord,
 That hail'd the King we lov'd!

 Consent so general, in our days,
 Was something novel—True!—
 But novelty then, claim'd double praise,
 Because 'twas Duty too.

EPIGRAM CIV.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS.

WHEN CHARLES the First the sceptre bore,
Each grave Divine, I trow,
A filken cap all fable wore,
With nine straight hairs below.

The Restoration's jovial day,
Chang'd, with the men, the mode,
And orthodox heads, in broad display,
The flaxen buckle show'd.

In ANNA's reign, from general view,
Th' enormous flaxens fled:
And lo! perukes of milk-white hue,
Succeeded in their stead.

These,

These, too, incurr'd by lapse of years,
Disuse, tho' not disgrace:

New clerical brows requir'd new gears;
And grizzles took their place.

Yet still the wig's full form retain'd
The feather'd foretop's peak:

Yet still the solemn bush remain'd,
To flank the rosy cheek.—

But *now*!—forgive the conscious muse,
That feels her verse too bold:—

What fashions *modern* Reverends use,
You need not here be told.—

Tho' new their taste, while they adopt

Their good forefathers' ways,
The frizz'd, the curl'd, the bald, the cropt,
Have all their claim to praise.

EPIGRAM CV.

SPLENDEAT USU.

O! Yes! if wags or critics dare
This subject's truth attack;
Let them to some dark hole repair—
And rub a black cat's back!

EPIGRAM CVI.

SPLENDEAT USU.

EXAMINE as you please, the flint,
You'll trace no lucid matter in't.
Try iron by what test you will,
You'll find it but cold iron still.
But let them with each other clash,
And instantaneous light they flash.—
Dame Nature providently kind,
For human use her fun assign'd;

Moon

Moon, stars, for human use display'd;
 And last for human use she made,
 One sure resource, (should these all fail,)
 —A Pebble, and a rusty Nail!

EPIGRAM CVII.

SPLENDEAT USU.

FROM fenny damps ascends a fire,
 Whose wandering beams invite ye—
 Till peg'd in brakes, or stuck in mire;—
 And then—*bon soir*—good night t'ye.

Philosophy, with experience join'd,
 The fact alone ensures:
 But how, or why, no more can find,
 Than can it's rude pursuers.

Yet

Yet while it urges boobies thus,
To fouse thro' all before 'em,
Call it not, *Ignis fatuus*,
But, *Ignis fatuorum*!

EPIGRAM CVIII.

SPLENDEAT USU.

Two broad blue eyes, that roll and wink,
The Owl presents to day's full glare;
Not duller, when he seems to think,
Than blind, when he appears to stare.

But when the shades of night arise,
Spontaneous fight of course recurs;
In vain, to elude his piercing eyes,
A mouse, or ev'n a maggot stirs.

If by the *use* of powers, we deem
 The difference betwixt fowl, and fowl,
 Thousands may boast a brighter beam,
 But none *sees* better, than *the Owl*.

EPIGRAM CIX.

SPLENDEAT USU.

“**A**YE! Honesty’s a jewel,” RICHARD cry’d,
 “That shines the clearer still, the more ’tis try’d.”
 “True, DICK,” quoth JEREMY—“yourself may shew it,
 “Your honesty’s so clear—we all *see through it*.”

EPIGRAM CX.

SPLENDEAT USU.

POPE, speaking, once, of ZEMBLA’S coast,
 Call’d ice, the “beauteous work of frost.”—
 But that was beauty without use:
 —Far different ice our cooks produce;

Midst

Midst summer's heat, intensely cold,
 All colours, flavours, forms 'twill hold;
 Improv'd beyond the poet's dream,
 'Tis now—the *beauteous work of cream*.

EPIGRAM CXI.

SPLENDEAT USU.

“ IF Nature never acts a part in vain,
 “ Who (said an atheist) shall this fact explain?
 “ Why in the glow-worm does her power produce,
 “ So lavish lustre, for so little use?”

A plain blunt fellow, who by chance stood by,
 Heard what he said, and made him this reply:

“ Nature (quoth he) explains her own design;
 “ She meant to mortify all pride like thine,
 “ When o'er an insect's tail such *light* she spread,
 “ And left such *darkness* in a coxcomb's head.”

EPIGRAM CXII.

SPLENDEAT USU.

WHAT practic rule, or speculative bound,
 Shall nature's powers, or art's extent confine?
 When in one form such needful helpmates found,
 Beauty, and bear's-grease, amicably shine?

EPIGRAM CXIII.

SPLENDEAT USU.

SEE! stretch'd on nature's couch of grafs,
 The foot-fore traveller lies!
 Vast treasures let the great amafs;
 A leathern pouch, and burning glaſs,
 For all his wants ſuffice.

For

For him the sun it's power displays,
In either hemisphere;
Pours on VIRGINIA's coast it's blaze,
Tobacco for his pipe to raise;
And shines to light it—HERE!

EPIGRAM CXIV.

SPLENDEAT USU.

WHILE diamonds with so rich effect
On beauty's hand are shown,
Why is the wedding finger deck'd
With simple gold alone?

Because each theme of female praise
Takes lustre from that test,
Wedlock's plain gold outshines all blaze,
When Virtue adds the rest.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM CXV.

SPLENDEAT USU.

YOUR FLEMISH Painters, if you mark them well,
 With most success on kitchen subjects dwell;
 O'er painted jugs bid nature's polish pass;
 And mimic faucepans rival real brass.
 What cause such accurate brightness can produce?
 —The general cause of accuracy—use.—
 His history in his work the artist gives;
 Between the pencil and the pot, he lives:
 And if his picture, or his life you view,
 'Tis, *Animus in patinis*—all through.

EPIGRAM CXVI.

SPLENDEAT USU.

WHEN all, a people for a KING can feel,
 Burst into voice; an unison of zeal;

The

The QUEEN so long rever'd, and lov'd so well,
Heard the glad theme the general shout employ;
And midst the thunders of affectionate joy,
Dropt a warm tear, that sparkled as it fell.

But oft, if right the Muse the future read,
Will similar praise, to similar feelings lead,
While Virtues like her own, her name endear;
Th' effect is but proportion'd to the cause;
Her tear will still do honour to applause,
And new applauses still call forth her tear.

EPIGRAM CXVII.

SPLENDEAT USU.

FULL up the solar blaze of light,
Th' imperial Eagle wings his flight;

Nor

Nor shrinks before the ray :—
 Life, beauty, and increase below,
 Wait patient the descending glow ;

He meets it in its way :—
 And on the very Source, whence lustre flows,
 Tries the bold Eye, whose lustre it bestows.

EPIGRAM CXVIII.

CORRIGE SODES.

WHEN reformation, men advise,
 Let every one *mend one*, each cries :—
 And 'tis well said, if 'twere well done :
 But proof, too obvious, daily shows,
 That all th' amendment we propose,
 Is meant for every one—*but one !*

EPIGRAM CXIX.

CORRIGE SODES.

WHEN in old ROME, the bridegroom, and the bride,
At JUNO's shrine their nuptial offering made,
The victim's gall was sever'd from it's fide,
And gravely hid behind the altar's shade.
A pagan rite, tho' christian men abjure,
'Tis fair to improve upon a pagan rite ;
To make your matrimonial comfort sure,
Keep your own gall forever out of sight !

EPIGRAM CXX.

CORRIGE SODES.

CLODIUS, asham'd, as well he might,
Of worthless life, and vicious taste,
Turns misanthrope at last for spite ;
And hates the nature, he disgrac'd.

The rank o'erflowings of the mind,
 In venomous streams on paper fall;
 Out comes a satire on mankind;
 And all are *fools*, and *wretches* all.

Yet let his trash unnotic'd lie;
 We prove his doctrine, if we heed it;
 'Twere double *folly*, should we *buy*,
 And double *misery*, should we read it!

EPIGRAM CXXI.

CORRIGE SODES.

YE daily, dirty scandal-scrapers,
 Who kill, and couple us in newspapers,
 Abate your rage for lying!
 Indulge us with a little tarrying;
 Make us not husbands, without marrying,
 Nor dead men,——without dying!

EPIGRAM CXXII.

CORRIGE SODES.

IF matters have been stated ill,
 In Chancery you may mend your *bill* :
 But mending bills, three times in four,
 Is only giving scope for more :
 When legal flaws keep suits depending,
 'Tis the bill-maker, that wants *mending*!

EPIGRAM CXXIII.

CORRIGE SODES.

OUR Ancestors, who science taught,
 Read, wrote, observ'd, enquir'd, and thought :
 But Moderns (thank assurance for't)
 Have cut the matter much more short :
 No wonder, we've professors plenty ;
 Two words, set up a cognoscente ;

On every question that comes near ye,
 Grin a dry sneer, and hum a quære;
 At famous names, of yore, and now,
 Pucker your lips, toss up your brow;
 And then, to give the knock-down blow;
 Say No, to Yes; and Yes, to No.—

Thus boldly on your dunghill crowing,
 You'll make affirming pass for knowing;
 Affected doubt, appear detection;
 And contradiction, seem correction.

EPIGRAM CXXIV.

CORRIGE SODES.

WHEN JOVE and the Giants, in desperate fray
 On OLYMPUS, were boxing it round;
 SILENUS's ass chanc'd to set up a bray,
 And the rebels turn'd tail at the sound.

Ye,

Ye, who laugh at the afs, make it henceforth a rule,
 To abate of your waggery, a crumb;
 For fool as he is, he can frighten a fool——
 And who knows, when your own turn may come?

EPIGRAM CXXV.

CORRIGE SODES.

THE RUSSIAN husbands, as we're told,
 Their wives to due correction hold,
 Whene'er they act, or judge ill:——
 "Love me and love my dog," we cry;
 But their rough discipline seems to imply,
 "Love me, and love my cudgel."

EPIGRAM CXXVI.

CORRIGE SODES.

OUR travellers, who in Switzerland,
 Thro' BASIL's streets have past,
 Affure us each church dial's hand,
 Points just an hour too fast.

Tho'

Tho' told this error, all day long,
 By every soul that views it,
 'Tis Basil's fashion to be wrong;
 All know it, and all choose it.

The fault, which thus amendment mocks,
 Lies far below the steeple;
 Whoever would set right the clocks,
 Must first correct the people!

EPICRAM CXXVII.

CORRIGE SODES.

HAIL! great reformer of men's shoes!
 Thou, Fashion! who with filken noose
 So daintily dost provide 'em!
 Were Wisdom's self, ten times as wise,
 She could add nothing to shoe-ties,—
 Save petticoats to hide 'em!

EPIGRAM CXXVIII.

CORRIGE SODES.

WHENE'ER the makers of our laws
 Tack to a Bill, a posthumous clause,
 'Tis call'd, it seems, a Rider ;
 If from this phrase, we may suppose,
 Amendment *there* full gallop goes,
 I cannot be decider :—
 In every other thing, and place,
 Methinks, it travels, a snail's pace.

EPIGRAM CXXIX.

CORRIGE SODES.

“ To our ruin point-blank,” quoth the Patriot, “ we run ;
 “ Whether doing or undoing, both ways undone :
 “ And

“ And Government nods to it's fall :”—
 But whatever we risque, or whatever we lose,
 Let the Patriot but stand in the Minister's shoes,
 And that fingle amendment, mends all !

EPIGRAM CXXX.

CORRIGE SODES.

MANKIND, tho' satirists with jobations weary us,
 Has only two weak parts, if fairly reckon'd;
 The first of which, is trifling with things serious;
 And seriousness in trifles, is the second :—
 Remove these little rubs, whoe'er knows how,
 And fools will be as scarce—as wise men now !

EPIGRAM CXXXI.

CORRIGE SODES.

EXPERT physiognomists teach us to trace
 All another's defects in the lines of his face,

By

By infallible rules, if we mind 'em:
But methinks, with respect to the faults of our neighbour,
'Twould be much better worth a philosopher's labour,
Could he cure us—of looking to find 'em!

EPIGRAM CXXXII.

CORRIGE SODES.

To a noted optician, a grave sober man,
In these terms his address for assistance began,
“ If with me, like my neighbours, you think 'twould succeed,
“ I would purchase a glass, that should help me to read.”

Number this, number that, no effect would produce;
Concave, and convex, were alike of no use;
The shop was all rummag'd for old ware and new;
But nothing came of it—for nothing would do.

" 'Tis strange," said the artist, "you see none the better;
 " Cannot all these varieties show you a letter?"
 " Show a letter?" quoth he, "yes, by hundreds they show 'em;
 " I can *see* fast enough—what I want is to *know* 'em."

EPIGRAM CXXXIII.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

THE story of the wand'ring Jew
 Proves this our theme in twofold view;
 No matter whether false or true,
 Unless plain sense misguide us:
 Doom'd thro' a life, that ne'er shall close,
 To trudge for ever on ten toes,
 He must grow stronger, as he goes——
 And if *he* don't—the *lie* does.

EPIGRAM CXXXIV.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

SOME connoisseurs in FRANCE of late
Have very gravely said,
That Glafs in bottles, or in plate,
From calcin'd Bones is made.

T' exprefs on what plain terms we live,
'Twas said "All Flefh is glafs!"
These gents another type on't give,
By making all Bones, Glafs!

EPIGRAM CXXXV.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

NEED from excefs—excefs from folly growing,
Keeps CHRISTIE'S hammer daily, going, going!
Ill-omen'd prelude! whose dire knell brings on
Profufion's laft sad dying fpeech—"Gone! gone!"

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM CXXXVI.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

To serve five churches in a day,
The curate mounts his steed;
Thro' towns, prayers, sermons, wings his way,
And all three-quarter's speed.

All did I say?—why then I said
A thing beside my text;
The last with double haste is sped,—
Because the dinner's next.

EPIGRAM CXXXVII.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

WHEN two fond souls for GREYNA GREEN engage,
From wife restraint, by rash elopement freed,
Love sits postillion; and at every stage,
Inspires new passion, while he adds new speed.

Thus

Thus they go forth—but how will they return?
Ev'n on the road, perhaps, ordain'd to prove
A truth, which folly, first or last, must learn,
“ That sore REPENTANCE drives as fast as LOVE!”

EPIGRAM CXXXVIII.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

A PUBLIC spirited peer, we're told,
Mechanic powers has found, and try'd;
By which a ship her course may hold,
Without the help of wind or tide.

Two wise observers, TOM and WILL,
Found means th' experiment to see;
And turn'd and twist'd all their skill,
To settle how the thing could be.

“ It

“ It can’t stand still, because it goes,”
 Exclaim’d at last sagacious WILL;
 “ True,” answered TOM, “ and I suppose,
 “ It goes—because it can’t stand still!”

EPIGRAM CXXXIX.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

THO’ far from BRITAIN, BRITAIN’S worthiest pride,
 The World’s great Patriot, generous HOWARD, dy’d,
 Let not our sorrow blame his wish to roam:
 With such an heart, as such a life display’d,
 An heart, which all Mankind one Family made,
 To travel—was but to enlarge his HOME!

EPIGRAM CXL.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

FROM any Convent, a Lay-brother take;
 Shave close his poll, and thus a Friar he’ll make:

On

On that bare poll an hat of scarlet place,
And a Lord Cardinal stares you in the face:
Let his red hat for three gilt crowns give scope,
And then, behold! his Holiness—the Pope!
From these three crowns, what farther progress lies?
None for the present—Princes are too wise.
Time was, when that same three-crown'd Father's pride,
Held in hard vassalage all crown'd heads beside:
But Sovereigns now observe a different trim;
Wear for themselves their crowns—and not for him!
In modern politics would he prove his skill;
His best way to *keep on*—is to *stand still*!

EPIGRAM CXLI.

VIREB ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

“THE more you give, the more you may,” some cry—
“The more you may, the more you ought,” say I.

EPIGRAM CXLII.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

IN our forefathers days, for once in his life,
 The squire brought to LONDON his daughter and wife,
 And great was the fufs and ado :
 But henceforward, ye squires, let this trouble alone!
 For if LONDON grows on, as of late it has grown,
 It will foon *make a visit to you!*

EPIGRAM CXLIII.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

FROM five and twenty artists' hands,
 Who all a feparate task begin,
 One Work progrefive fkill demands;
 And when 'tis done,—comes forth—a PIN!

EPIGRAM CXLIV.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

RESOLV'D all rival noise to drown,
 TOM TIPLER liquefies his throat;
 While at each cup he swallows down,
 His tones of utterance rise a note.

Tom's vocal scale would not consist ill
 With metaphoric musical types;
 For surely as he wets his whistle,
 So surely he sets up his pipes!

EPIGRAM CXLV.

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

IN CHINA, when an husband's praise
 The beauties of his wife displays,

Among her charms, he never fails
To rank her growing length of nails.

'Twould give our married men some fear,
Had beauty such a standard here!
For sure (I speak it with concern)
Things *might, sometimes*, take such a turn,
That as a lady's talons grew,
Her passions might get stronger too!
Tongues without nails (excuse me if I'm wrong)
Are always long enough—if not too long.

EPIGRAM CXLVI

VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

FALSEHOOD and TRUTH, in rival race,
Eternal contrast prove;
FALSEHOOD speeds on with rapid pace;
TRUTH scarce appears to move:

FALSEHOOD

FALSEHOOD finds numbers in her course,
Who prompt assistance lend;
Ill-nature loves to aid her force;
And Folly stands her friend:

Guilt, Envy, Cunning, all make shift
To help her on her way;
And Fortune gives her many a lift;
No matter for foul play:

Yet, after all her efforts tried,
And all her circuit run,
When Time the victory shall decide,
SHE'll *end*—where TRUTH *begun*!

EPIGRAM CXLVII.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

- "JUSTICE!" a Woman to an Emperor cry'd;
 "Justice against an husband's scorn I crave;
 "Who, tho' from morn to night I frown and chide,
 "Nor minds, nor mends, for all th' advice I gave."
 "Your tale," replied the Emperor, "truth may be;
 "But pray, good Woman, what is that to *me*?"

 "That," quoth the spiteful Vixen, "is not all:
 "Suppose Yourself the subject of our strife:
 "If right, my Lord, my strong suspicions fall,
 "He cares no more for You, than for his Wife."
 "That," said the Emperor, "may perhaps be true;
 "But pray, good Woman, what is that to *you*?"

EPIGRAM CXLVIII.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

SIR STATELY from his chariot nods,
 Us ten-toe travellers meeting;
 And plumes himself upon the odds
 'Twixt riding, and hoof-beating.

That odds there are, must needs be said:
 That odds should be, we choose;
 Till he has for his carriage paid,
 As we have for our shoes.

EPIGRAM CXLIX.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

THE disciples of GALEN, past ages aver,
 About *Aurum potabile* made a great stir;

Till

Till experience, in spite of their process and rules,
 Prov'd that secret of secrets, the folly of fools.
 But tho' *Aurum potabile* came to disgrace,
 The *Aurum palpabile* still keeps it's place:
 That's the grand Panacea, that works with a touch—
 You can never apply it too soon, or too much:
 'Twill provoke no wry face; on no stomach fit ill;
 'Twill make men, what you please; and yourself, what you will.

EPIGRAM CL.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

“PERHAPS,” said a doctor one day to his friend,
 “You remember a tale, which you made me attend:
 “That tale, fir, much more than you think of, has cost:
 “It detain'd me so long, that a patient was lost.”
 “Alas!” quoth the friend, “I'm quite sorry for that,
 “That your patient should suffer by my idle chat.”

“Should

"Should suffer!"—the doctor replied with a sigh,
 "No!—he is the saver!—the sufferer am I!—
 "Nature popt in between, while I slackened my speed;—
 "And the man was got well, before I could get fee'd."

EPIGRAM CLI.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

THO' GEORGE, with respect to the wrong and the right,
 Is of twenty opinions, 'twixt morning and night;
 If you call him a turn-coat, you injure the man;
 He's the pink of consistency, on his own plan:
 While to stick to the strongest is ever his trim,
 'Tis not he changes side—'tis the side changes him!

EPIGRAM CLII.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

IN the dictionary of words, as our JOHNSON affirms,
 Purse and Budget are nearly synonymous terms;

But

But perhaps upon earth there's no contrast so great,
 As Budget and Purse, in the dictionary of state :—
 The Minister's language all language reverses ;
 For filling his Budget, is emptying our Purse.

EPIGRAM CLIII.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

SPINSTER and Minister, Knight and Dame,
 Monsieur and Mademoiselle,
 D'EON in male and female fame
 By turns has born the bell.

Adroit to act on either plan ;
 Smile nymph, or hero vapour ;
 And pass with ease from sword to fan,
 From pistol to thread-paper !

Genius

Genius meanwhile, alert, tho' strange,
Preserves its equal claim:—
'Tis mere *dexterity of change*
Proves D'EON *still the same.*

EPIGRAM CLIV.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

A COWARD's heart, in common speech, is
Oft said to sink into his breeches;
Hence fashionable prigs, in hope
To give their sinking hearts more scope,
(While up their sides, in lieu of stays,
Their breeches to their ribs they raise,)
Have instinct's wise precaution chose,
And sink them downwards to their toes!

EPIGRAM CLV.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

OF great connections with great men,
 NED keeps up a perpetual pother;
 "My Lord knows what, knows who, knows when;
 "My Lord says this, thinks that, does t'other:"

My Lord had formerly his Fool,
 We know it, for 'tis on record;
 But now, by NED's inverted rule,
 The Fool, it seems, must have his Lord!

EPIGRAM CLVI.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

ONCE in a barn, the strolling wardrobe's list
 Had but one ruffle left, for HAMLET's wrist:—
 Necessity,

Necessity, which has no law, they say,
 Could with one ruffle, but one arm display :
 " What's to be done ?"—the Hero said, and figh'd—
 " Shift hands each scene," a brother buskin cry'd :
 " Now in the pocket keep the left from fight,
 " While o'er your breast you spread the ruffled right :
 " Now in your robe the naked right repose,
 " While down your left the dingy cambrick flows :
 " Thus, tho' half-skill'd, as well as half-array'd,
 " You'll make *one change*—which GARRICK *never made*."

EPIGRAM CLVII.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

TIM CRAB's admonitions run all in one tone,—
 Do this, fool!—say that, fool!—let that, fool, alone!—
 Prithee, TIM, change your style, if you wish to cajole ;
 I can bear with the censure, but hate the controul :

Call me fool among fools, and I'll never say nay—
But let me, dear CRAB, be a fool—*my own way!*

EPIGRAM CLVIII.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

To cure the gout, one quack, forsooth,
Advises us to draw a tooth.
By similar ratiocination,
Methinks, a counter-operation
So rare a system would adorn—
—To cure the tooth-ach, cut a corn!

EPIGRAM CLIX.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

WHEN prentic'd fops, in tasty fit,
Their counters and their aprons quit,
And stealing from the shops, they shut,
Half-booted lobby-loungers strut,

With

With treble cape, and strait toupée,
And nine short inches of wanghee,
Howe'er the change absurd and strange is,
'Tis natural:—for so Nature changes;
Forms all at once the Lion's cubs;
But makes her *Butterflies*—of *Grubs*!

EPIGRAM CLXX

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

A BARBER in a Borough-town, it seems,
Had voted for SIR JOHN, against SIR JAMES.—
SIR JAMES, in angry mood, took Suds aside—
“Don't you remember shaving me?” he cry'd;
“Five pieces for five minutes work I gave;
“And does not one good turn another crave?”
“Yea,” quoth the barber, and his fingers smack'd,
“I grant the doctrine, and admit the fact:
“SIR JOHN, on the same score, paid the same price;
“But took two shavings—and of course *paid twice*.”

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM CLXI.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

IN indenture or deed,
 Tho' a thousand you read,
 Neither comma nor colon you'll ken:
 A stop intervening
 Might determine the meaning;
 And what would the Lawyers do then?
 Chance for change of construction gives chance for new flaws;
 When the sense is once fix'd, there's an end of the cause.

EPIGRAM CLXII.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

TWO GRECIAN Sophs, with names for verse unfit,
 Have contrasted Man's Life, in rival wit:
 And if you'll take translation in good part,
 I'll give you *pro* and *con*—with all my heart.

“ What

“ What state on earth,” says one, “ could prudence choose ?
“ In trade, is toil to gain, and fear to lose ;
“ At home are cares ; and labours in the field ;
“ At sea known perils ; and by land conceal’d ;
“ In poverty, distress ; a lonely life
“ Without, and household bondage with, a wife ;
“ Children are troubles ; childless age unblest ;
“ Youth has unruliness ; and age un-rest :
“ ’Twere therefore better sure in wisdom’s eye,
“ Not to be born—or but be born—and die !”

So this grave sage thought proper to decide :
Now, hear th’ estimate on the other side.

“ Thro’ life, what station can the wise refuse ?
“ In public are ambition’s nobler views ;
“ Repose endears retirement ; rustic toils
“ Give rest to nature’s bounties ; nature’s spoils
“ Crown traffic’s efforts ; on a foreign shore
“ Pity unbars each hospitable door ;

“ Poor

- “ Poor you’re unenvied ; in a wife you see
“ A dearer friend ; unmarried you live free ;
“ With children feel a father’s glow ; without
“ See unfollicitous time’s last sands run out ;
“ In youth you spring robust, and revel gay ;
“ In age enjoy the reverence juniors pay :
“ ’Tis therefore happiest sure on wisdom’s plan,
“ To be—and being to exist—a Man !”

Wide as the difference of the statements seems,
One little change would reconcile th’ extremes ;
In surly scorn’s, and flattering fancy’s spite,
For Life, read VIRTUOUS LIFE—and all is right.
A Life of Virtue would in every state,
Have turn’d the balance for whatever fate ;
Would scope, amidst the best and worst below,
For active, or for patient merit show ;
And on that ground no choice can ever miss ;
For all that leads to Merit, leads to Bliss !

EPIGRAM CLXIII.

PLUS ULTRA.

IN many an inn along the road,
If haply there you make abode,
A little bowl you'll ken,
Where, circled in a pencill'd band,
An arch artificer's waggish hand
Has wrote—"ONE MORE, *and* THEN"—

Mysterious phrase! whose treacherous sense,
From more to more, for ages hence,
Its noxious course would run;
Let him, who takes the draught, take heed:
The bowl a bottom has—agreed—
But that same "THEN" has none.

EPIGRAM CLXIV.

PLUS ULTRA.

By a legal decision, 'twas lately agreed,
 If a rat eats a seal, it has cancel'd the deed.
 "That's an hard thing on me," might a miser complain;
 "'Twill make bond, bill, and mortgage as costly again—
 "'Tis expensive indeed to stand clear of mishap,
 "If besides a strong box, one must buy a rat-trap!"

EPIGRAM CLXV.

PLUS ULTRA.

SUNDAY, which, by divine behest,
 Was first pronounc'd a day of rest,
 By fashion's mandate now becomes
 A day of hurricanes, routs, and drums.

Can profligacy farther go?
It can—if not in guilt—in woe:—
Woe, from that very guilt accruing;
Disgrace—remorse—despair—and ruin.

EPIGRAM CLXVI.

PLUS ULTRA.

DIAGORAS, an Athenian wight,
A wooden HERCULES made;
To which at morn, and eke at night,
He constant orisons paid.

Twelve Labours by his Deity wrought,
In solemn hymns he prais'd;
And from such warm devotion thought
A powerful patron rais'd.

Year after year, this course he drove;
 Still pray'd; still poorer grew;
 At last the timber son of Jove
 Amidst the flames he threw.

"My daily theme," quoth he, "erewhile,
 "Thy labours twelve have been;
 "Now help the fire my pot to boil;—
 "And that will make thirteen!"

EPIGRAM CLXVII.

PLUS ULTRA.

WHILE JOHNSON the Lives of our Poets compos'd,
 He scarce thought how his own would be hack'd, when it clos'd.
 We've had life upon life, without end or cessation,
 A perfect biographical superfetation:
 Male, female, friend, foe, have had hands in the mess;
 And the paper announces still more in the press.—

Not

Not a cat, tho' for cats Fate spins ninefold the thread,
Has so many lives, living—as JOHNSON has, dead.

EPIGRAM CLXVIII.

PLUS ULTRA.

VIRTUE'S a fund of unexhausted store :
For there, the very *wish* of more—is more !

EPIGRAM CLXIX.

PLUS ULTRA.

OUR glorious QUEEN BESS, 'tis in story recorded,
At some season more solemn of festival sport,
With the law's highest honours LORD HATTON rewarded,
For dancing so gracefully nimble at Court.

For integrity, candour, sense, learning, and spirit,
Of each sage, on each bench, we may justly talk big ;
But the QUEEN had, we find, one more standard of merit ;
'Twas superior address—in performing a jig !

EPIGRAM CLXX.

PLUS ULTRA.

WE'RE often told of SCOTCHMEN's second fight;
 But know not whence the popular notion came;
 If fact, or fable, supernatural light,
 Or superstition, gave it first a name.

But this, methinks, may safely be confest,
 That putting loss and gain upon a par,
 They see most happily, who see plain things best—
 Who sees beyond what's visible—sees too far!

EPIGRAM CLXXI.

PLUS ULTRA.

AT NOTTINGHAM, says tradition's tale,
 They drink off, by the yard, their ale:—
 So far, no peril would ensue,
 Did none to length add number too,
 Extend tradition's tale still more,
 And drink the yards off—by the score!

EPIGRAM CLXXII.

PLUS ULTRA.

To make a plum-pudding, a French Count once took
An authentic receipt, from an English Lord's cook:
Mix fuet, milk, eggs, sugar, meal, fruit, and spice,
Of such number, such measure, such weight, and such price;
Drop a spoonful of brandy, to quicken the mess;
And boil it for so many hours—more or less.—

These directions were tried, but when tried had no good in;
'Twas all wash and all squash—but 'twas not English pudding:
And Monsieur in a pet sent a second request,
For the cook that prescrib'd, to assist when 'twas drest;
Who of course to comply with his Honour's beseeching,
Like an old cook of Colebrook, march'd into the kitchen.

The French cooks, when they saw him, talk'd loud and talk'd long;
They were sure all was right; he could find nothing wrong:

Till

Till just as the mixture was rais'd to the pot,
 "Hold your hands! Hold your hands!" scream'd astonish'd JOHN TROT
 "Don't you see you want one thing, like fools as you are?"
 —"*Vone ting, Sar! Vat ting, Sar!*" — "A PUDDING CLOTH, — Sar!"

EPIGRAM CLXXIII.

PLUS ULTRA.

A WOMAN, satirists have averr'd,
 Will have in all things the last word:
 But poets, in satiric rhymes,
 Are apt to run a-head sometimes:—
 Were half the bards, that ever wrote,
 Chapter and verse oblig'd to quote,
 Not one perhaps of all the set,
 E'er *heard* a woman's *last word* yet!

EPIGRAM CLXXIV.

PLUS ULTRA.

SICK of his first imperious bride,
Poor CORYDON to Death apply'd:
Death came: and CORYDON soon was seen
The jolliest widower on the green.
Again the booby tried his lot;
And thus a bitterer bargain got:
Again Death heard his piteous call;
And freed him from the second thrall.
Spite of experience, still absurd,
He bow'd the neck to wife the third;
Who beats the former out of fight;
Drives twice as hard; curbs twice as tight.
Were this same tyrant in her hearse,
He might go farther, and fare worse:

Whom then shall CORYDON implore?—
 Whom?—but his old friend, Death, once more:
 That as of yore, in kindly trim,
 It took his spouses, and left him,
 (If choice to beggars fate allows,)
 'Twould now take *him*; and leave his spouse!

EPIGRAM CLXXV.

NE PLUS ULTRA.

To bounce more boldly and look bigger,
 Tho' rhetoric muster every figure,
 Tho' party blow up all her flame,
 Tho' zeal with all her lungs declaim,
 Two little words may pop in pat,
 To lay this dreadful battery flat;

Words

Words of soft sound, tho' somewhat hard digestion;—
The orator's *ne plus ultra*—PREVIOUS QUESTION!

EP I G R A M CLXXVI.

NE PLUS ULTRA.

THE world can nothing sure, we're told,
Save death and taxes show :
Of death, no doubt, the fact will hold—
Of taxes, not quite so :

Two chances fortune's wheel contains,
Taxation's course to stay ;—
When nothing to be tax'd remains ;
Or nothing's left—to pay.

EPIGRAM CLXXVII.

PLUS ULTRA.

" DEATH! - - - - -
 " What art thou, O thou great Mysterious Terror?
 " The way to thee we know; diseases, famine,
 " Fire, sword, and all thy ever-open gates,
 " Which day and night stand ready to receive us.—
 " But what's beyond them?—who shall draw that veil?
 " Yet Death's not there!"

HUGHES's *Siege of Damascus*, Act 3.

BEYOND? and who shall draw that veil?—The Man
 Whom Christian Spirit hath ennobled, can;
 He from th' abyfs beyond, the veil shall tear;
 For 'tis HIS TRIUMPH, that DEATH is not THERE!
 That there, is all sublime Devotion's scope;
 All Rest from Sorrow; all expanse of Hope;
 There Perfect Souls, the path he treads, who trod;
 There IMMORTALITY! there HEAVEN! there GOD!

EPIGRAM CLXXVIII.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

IN *formâ pauperis*, if a plaintiff plead,
Counfel, 'tis faid, muft give their aid, unfee'd.
“ How then fhould counfel live ? ” perhaps you'll ask:—
O ! never fear it—that's an eafy task:—
Tho' paupers ready-made, Law *gratis* takes,
'Tis amply reimburs'd, by paupers which it makes !

EPIGRAM CLXXIX.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

YOUR fatirical witlings, of metaphor fond,
Say, in ENGLAND, the prieft *ties* the conjugal *bond*.
But our fugitive pairs, who for SCOTLAND elope,
Seem resolv'd to improve on that whimfical trope ;
When a blackfmith ftands parfon, for want of a better,—
We may juftly affirm, that HE RIVETS THE FETTER !

EPIGRAM CLXXX.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

MONTAIGNE once took it in his head,
In trim fedately cool,
To think the Cat, with which he play'd,
Must deem him, but a fool.

If this was wisdom, wit, or whim,
I dare not now decide:—
But surely from his Cat and Him,
We learn to check our pride:—

Since Nature, to keep up the breed,
That holds us in disdain,
By Thousands bids her Cats succeed,
Yet made but ONE MONTAIGNE!

EPIGRAM CLXXXI.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

“ **W**HOE’ER cheats *me*, in purchase, or in price,”
Exclaims old EUCLIO, “ ne’er shall cheat me twice.”—
The man, it seems, has made his life, his book ;
And his own rule, from his own practice took :
For EUCLIO, to convince us he’s no dunce,
Makes it a point—to cheat *enough* at *once* !

EPIGRAM CLXXXII.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

SAY, can there be a viand nam’d,
Which doctors have not prais’d and blam’d ?
About our wine, how vast a pother !
Drink it, says one ; dread it, says t’other.
Warm regimen some, some cool propose ;
Live high, say these ; live low, say those.

In

In short, in nothing they agree,
 Save only pocketing the fee!—
 That part of medical practice still,
 Stuff, starve, dose, diet us, as they will,
 (Whatever systems they asperse all,)
 Is uniform,—and universal!

EPIGRAM CLXXXIII.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

OLD women, in old times were seen,
 As grave records avow;
 What then, perhaps, had witches been,
 Are absolute charmers now.

Against the rude assault of age,
 Our *modern* antient fair
 On terms infallible engage,
 And twofold armour wear.

Ye spiteful years, your furrows trace!
Ye native tints, grow faint!
A coat of paint will hide the face,—
A veil will hide the paint!

EPIGRAM CLXXXIV.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A RUSTIC once, unless tradition fib,
Applied this remedy to a broken rib:
A quart of buttermilk down his throat he threw;
Then tighter by a hole his belt he drew:—
Again he swallow'd, and again, the dose;
And, *toties quoties*, buckled up more close:
Expell'd withinside, and repell'd without,
The bone soon found it's proper medium out;
In that due medium either way secur'd,
Stood fix'd; united; heal'd;—and HODGE was cur'd!

If kitchen phyfic, we with juſtice prize,
 That this was kitchen phyfic none denies:
 Of recipes if the ſimpleſt is the beſt,
 That this was ſimple too, muſt be confeſt—
 —A belt, and buttermilk?—*Probatum eſt!*

EPIGRAM CLXXXV.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

OF old their full-bottoms diſtinguiſh'd the fops:
 Who are known as well now, by the title of *crops*:
 But altho' we may trace ſuch prepoſterous degrees,
 In the curlings of thoſe, and the clippings of theſe,
 We ſhall find in the heads, if fair judgment we uſe,
 'Twixt full-bottoms and crops, not an hair's-breadth to chooſe;
 The difference between 'em, lies all in their locks;
 Thoſe feather'd like Coxcombs; theſe trim'd like comb'd Cocks!

EPIGRAM CLXXXVI.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A TRIBE of star-gazers, too numerous to name,
 For every new year, a new almanac frame;
 Where, in charming confusion, wet seasons, and dry,
 Hot, and cold, still, and stormy, promiscuously lie;
 While perhaps in one day, if you try them all round,
 Every contrast of weather at once may be found:—
 But tho' oft they deceive us, we'll give them their due;
 Bate the what and the when, all the rest may be true:
 For they fill up the year, just as nature has done,
 With cloudy, and clear; fair, and foul; rain and fun!

EPIGRAM CLXXXVII.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

THE POPISH bigot looks death in the face,
 If round his limbs a Friar's Cowl they place:

No fears the foul of that GENTOO affail,
Whose dying hand embraces a Cow's Tail.—

We laugh, with reason, at their foolish choice;
Yet tho' 'tis Folly's act—'tis Nature's voice!—
Nature, the sense of an immortal part
Has fix'd so firmly in the human heart,
That, prone as 'tis to avow some future hope,
A Cowl, or a Cow's Tail, can give it scope!

EPIGRAM CLXXXVIII.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

IF you e'er go to OXFORD, 'tis odds but you meet
A boar to make brawn, led in state thro' the street;
With whose fidgets the hog-driver still must comply;
If he likes to lie down, must stand patiently by;
When he rises, must help him to rise from repose;
And turn which way he turns, and go which way he goes.—

—We've

—We've been told by philosophers, time out of mind,
Of the dignity, freedom, and powers of mankind;
But we add little grace to the picture they've drawn,
When we humour a pig—for the sake of his brawn!

EPIGRAM CLXXXIX.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A Scribbler thought fit, t'other day, to devise
About Baron MONKHAUSEN, a volume of lies:
Such a rhapsody never was made.
And this was his only design, he averr'd,
To shame for the future, by tales so absurd,
All the dealers in Rhodomontade.

'Twas a comical scheme, if the man was sincere;
But were he or not, 'tis abundantly clear,

He

He forgot the perverseness of pride:
 Not one in a score, who his pamphlet shall buy,
 Will be half so ashamed of persisting to lie;
 As jealous of being out-lied!

EPIGRAM CX.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

From the Catholic Faith, if a man swerv'd aside,
 Inquisition for arguments, faggots apply'd!
 Such compassionate charity, zeal so refin'd,
 Set the body on fire—to enlighten the mind!

EPIGRAM CXCI.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

'Tis strange to see, how, more or less,
 The same propensity to dress

Reigns

Reigns paramount in human race :
 An English smart his breast be-frills ;
 Some beast the savage hunter kills,
 His person with the spoils to grace.

Contrasts there are in the extreme :
 And yet such contrasts as they seem,
 Still tow'rd one central point they go :
 Candor this only difference knows,
 Our fop *above* his chitterling shows ;
 The Hottentot wears his *below* !

EPIGRAM CXCI.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A VILLAGE thief in penitent strain,
 Thus to his priest confest ;—
 “ Father, I’ve stol’n some sacks of grain !
 “ O ! give my conscience rest !”

“ What

"What grain, my son?" the priest replied,

"And what was the amount?"

"Father, my haste," the culprit cried,

"Would never let me count:—

"But, if your reverence thinks it right

"T' absolve on trust, this crime,

"I'll try to steal the rest to-night,—

"And tell you all next time."

EPIGRAM CXCIH.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

YOU remember Prince VOLSCIUS, hip-hop, in the play,
 With a single jack-boot, how he stump'd it away:—
 But as this is a more economical age,
 Our prigs of the town scout the Prince on the stage;
 And because a great feat they're determin'd to do,
 From what would make one boot, contrive to make two:

Two

Two half boots at least;—for it seems, that's the style:—
Tho' 'twould puzzle all algebra's students the while,
To adjust the true odds, on comparifon fair,
Between one pair of halves, and one half of a pair!—

EPIGRAM CXCHL

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

AMONGST the many ftrange conceits,
Which advertifers brag on,
They puff, on every poft one meets,
Some broad-wheel'd Flying Waggon?

Wits long on Fancy's wings have flown;
MERCURY had feather'd heels;—
But 'tis our age's boaft alone,
To fly—upon BROAD WHEELS!

EPIGRAM CXCV.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A VETERAN gambler in a tempest caught,
 Once in his life, a church's shelter sought;
 Where many an hint, pathetically grave,
 On life's precarious lot, the preacher gave.
 The sermon ended, and the storm all spent,
 Home trudg'd old Cog-die, reasoning as he went;
 "Strict truth," quoth he, "this reverend sage declar'd;
 "I feel conviction—and will be prepar'd—
 "Nor e'er henceforth, since life thus steals away,
 "Give credit for a bet, beyond a day!"

EPIGRAM CXCV.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A SPECIMEN brief of foreign wit to show,
 As far as my translating skill will go,
 Tho' I can't sing—I'll say—a FRENCH RONDEAU. }

' With

' With two black eyes—that might a faint inflame,
 ' The jilt NANNETTE caught STREPHON by surprise;
 ' But when the youth, enamour'd of the dame,
 ' Requested love for love, and fighs for fighs,
 ' She frown'd, squall'd, cuff'd,—and sent him whence he came,
 ' *With two black eyes!*'

EPIGRAM CXCVI.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A QUACK in GREECE, in hopes to mend the breed,
 Resolv'd his *Son*, *at least*, should learn to read:
 So hir'd the best grammarian of the age,
 To teach the youngster HOMER's lofty page.
 The terms all settled, all the needful done,
 The book was bought, and thus the boy begun;—
 ' The wrath of PELEUS' Son, the direful spring
 ' Of all the GRECIAN woes, O Goddess, sing!

QQ 2

' That

' That wrath which hurl'd to PLUTO's gloomy reign
 ' The souls of mighty Chiefs untimely slain *!
 " Untimely slain!"—the pupil stopt and cried—
 " Is then this pains and pay, for that applied?
 " HOMER, farewell! What need thro' verse to roam?
 " We've plenty of *untimely slain*, at home!
 " Away with this vexatious " A, B, C!"—
 —" My father's practice is enough for me!"

* POPE'S Translation.

EPIGRAM CXCVII.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

THE critics of a former day
 Fell by the ears pell-mell;
 Debating if with C, or K,
 We CICERO's name should spell.

How

How far the doubt is clear'd up yet,
I'll not pretend to say;
But this intelligence I get,
From so absurd a fray:

While all with profit and delight,
Admire, remember, quote,
FAME will speak CICERO'S MERITS right,
Howe'er his *name* be wrote!

EPIGRAM CXCVIII.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

IN EGYPT once, the great, we're told,
No claim to public praise could hold,
Till umpires, at their death decreed
To all their merit, all it's need.

Th'

Th' EGYPTIANS took, you needs must say,
 To make men honest, a wise way;—
 Provided still, some means they knew,
 To keep those umpires honest too!

EPIGRAM CXCLIX.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

THE constable of a country town
 Before a justice brought,
 Once on a time, a vagrant clown,
 In petty trespass caught:

And long, with many a hum! and ha!
 Much circumstance, much doubt,
 Enlarg'd on some supposed *faux pas*,
 Could he have made it out.

Then

Then to his worship turn'd his speech,
At every period's close;
And ask'd, what punishment could reach
Enormities like those?

"What punishment?" with angry face,
The justice cried amain,
"Make him this moment take my place,
"And hear your tale again!"

EPIGRAM CC.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

BAMBOOZLING the credulous vulgar below,
Astrology's vagabond fry,
To each planet (as round in their orbits they go)
Gives a separate *house in the sky*:—

To

To make conjurers amends for their care of the sphere,
 The justice, in case of detection,
 Provides by his warrant an *house* for them *here*;
 And that is—the *house of correction*!

EPIGRAM CCI.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

A FOOL and Knave, with different views,
 For JULIA's hand apply:
 The Knave, to mend his fortune fues:
 The Fool, to please his eye.

Ask you, how JULIA will behave?

Depend on't for a rule,
 If she's a Fool, she'll wed the Knave—
 If she's a Knave, the Fool.

EPIGRAM CCII.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

I ASK'D grave CORYDON, CELIA'S age:—
“ Look in her face,” replied the fage;
I did so; but no date could fix:—
Which face, I wonder, does he mean?
Her public face bespeaks sixteen;
Her home face tells for fixty-fix!

EPIGRAM CCIII.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

GENIUS, and Valour, proudly loth
Place each to each, to yield,
To PALLAS, as supreme o'er both,
For her award appeal'd.

When Valour urg'd ACHILLES' boast,
Her HOMER Genius show'd:—
When Genius VIRGIL's praise engross'd,
With CÆSAR's Valour glow'd.

Wife as she was, the Goddess chose
So nice a point to wave;—
Yet willing the dispute to close,
This friendly counsel gave:

“ Your rival claims,” she said, “ forbear;
“ Which nothing can decide:
“ And let henceforth, your mutual care
“ Unite your mutual pride:

“ Let Heroes know th' immortal Name
“ The gift of Verse alone;
“ And from the Hero's well-sung Fame,
“ The Poet date his own!”

EPIGRAM CCIV.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

A Goose, my good old grandam said,
Ent'ring a barn pops down his head;
I beg'd her once the cause to show;—
She told me, she must wave the task—
For nothing but a goose would ask,
What nothing but a goose could know!

EPIGRAM CCV.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

IF I swerve an hair's-breadth from the fashion's high road,
Strait the cry of the coxcombs commences;
“A man,” they exclaim, “who goes out of the mode,
“As well might go out of his senses.”

If Sense by the balance of fashion ye weigh,
 Pray tell us, ye prigs who adore it,
 Did not you, to go into the taste of the day,
 Go out of the fashion before it?
 All the doubt, if a doubt, is which way to begin—
 I went in, to go out;—you went out, to go in.

EPIGRAM CCVI.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

POOR DICK, when chatty, and when dumb,
 Still holds his wife in equal dread;—
 He breaks *her* heart, if he looks glum;
 And if he speaks, she breaks *his* head!

EPIGRAM CCVII.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

TO 'scape litigious folly's headstrong ruin,
 Keep two plain maxims evermore in view;
 Know what the law is, ere you think of suing;
 Know what your lawyer is, before you sue!

EPIGRAM CCVIII.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

IN MILTON's, and in DRYDEN's time,
'Twas doubtful, if blank verse, or rhyme,
 Serv'd Poetry's purpose best:
And much good learning and good sense,
In aid of either side's pretence,
 Was *pro* and *con* addrest.

The question, after all this pains,
Tho' chang'd in form, in force remains,
 As puzzling as at first:
'Tis just as hard a thing to say,
If rhyme, or blank verse, in our day,
 Serves Poetry's purpose *worst*!

EPIGRAM CCIX.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

IN patient mood, while King ALPHONSUS heard
 A formal orator tedious plans propose,
 A fly parading round the Monarch's beard,
 Perch'd unmolested on the royal nose.—

Say, ye who balance things in reason's scale,
 Does Magnanimity soar a pitch more high,
 When Majesty listens to a trifler's tale?—
 Or when Humanity scorns to hurt a fly?

EPIGRAM CCX.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

DOES SHAKESPEARE juster praise obtain,
 In comic or in tragic vein?

Nor

Nor I, nor you, nor all mankind,
Can answer to this question find.
Nature, tho' oft in frolic fits,
Discoveries elsewhere she permits,
Will still that point unsettled keep,
As long, as men can laugh or weep.

EPIGRAM CCXI.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

THE votes all clos'd—the books compar'd,
The numbers on the poll declar'd,
A rabble, reeling less or more,
Who with drink, or who for drink, roar,
By way of two triumphal cars,
(Thro' shouts, and screamings, joys, and jars,)
Bear on two tavern-chairs erect,
The Representatives Elect.

Ye

Ye Candidates, who thus succeed,
 Take, if ye can, sufficient heed!
 For tho' th' Election contest's past,
 You'll find that peril not the last;
 In your supporters' present trim,
 Should their feet trip, or their heads swim!
 You've carried your own Seats—agreed—
 But absolute miracle, indeed,
 Alone can save, in such a crew,
 The *Seats* design'd to *carry You!*

EPIGRAM CCXII.

SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

A FOOL had let some scarcasms fall,
 (When Kings kept Fools of yore,)
 For which the Ladies, one and all,
 Immediate vengeance swore.

With

With sciffars, bodkins, and what not,
The Culprit they furround,
And sternly bade him, on the spot,
Prepare for his death's wound.

Down on his marrow-bones fell the Wight;
Confest th' offence he gave;
And, "O! in this my sorrowful plight,
"One boon," he cried, "I crave:

"Since to so bright, tho' fierce a band,
"Your slave his fate must owe;
"Reserve at least, the *fairest* hand,
"To give the *parting* blow!"

In such a case, they all agree,
'Twere hard, in vain to plead:
But which the *fairest* hand should be?—
Aye, that's a rub indeed!

Sudden, the wrath their bosoms nurs't,
 To rival jealousy past;
 And none of them *would* strike him *first*,
 That each *might* strike him *last*.

And had the term of human life,
 Allow'd so long a fray,
 The wag had been repriev'd, the strife
 Unsettled—to this day.

EPIGRAM CCXIII.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

EAGER some doleful tale to quote,
 JOHN CROAKER sighs, and shrugs;
 Seizes a button of my coat;
 And as he talks, he tugs:—

Two jobs meanwhile are going on,
 By JOHN's long-winded plea;
 For fure as e'er I hear friend JOHN,
 My Taylor—hears from me!

EPIGRAM CCXIV.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

GRAMMARIANS!—Ye! whose critic censures maul
 Words, syllables, letters!—pray forgive my asking,
 Why we that garment “inexpressible” call,
 Which our fore-fathers furnam'd “Gally-gaskin?”

EPIGRAM CCXV.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

SOME tribes, we read in ÆLIAN's book,
 A fly, for their divinity took.—

'Twas strange—but you shall hear what's stranger;
 To this fame fly, with reverence due,
 An ox, for sacrifice they flew,
 In times of public need, or danger.
 Add this to that, and say, which was more odd—
 The worship? or the creed?—The victim? or the God?

EPIGRAM CCXVI.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

'Twas said of old by some queer cur,
 That human bellies have no ears;
 But this, as daily proofs aver,
 A palpable humbug appears;
 For never yet was man of paunch,
 Of such degenerate appetite reckon'd;
 But, that, amidst the first fat haunch,
 He'd hear with rapture, of a second!

EPIGRAM CCXVII.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

SIR HUDIBRAS, with a single spur,
Provok'd to active trot his steed;
Conscious that if one side should stir,
The other must of course proceed.
Thus reason'd once the doughty knight:
And in *that* case he reason'd right.

But had the scheme on man been try'd,
His logic would have prov'd untrue;
Whoe'er the state's great horse would guide,
Must use both spurs—and gild 'em too:
Or else, in spite of all his skill,
The restive beast will stand stock still.

For,

For, as throughout an horse's skin,
 A sensitive, muscular power appears,
 So courtiers, out of place and in,
 Are all, all-over eyes and ears;
 But, tho' you urge them e'er so much,
Feel, only in the part you TOUCH!

EPIGRAM CCXVIII.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

" 'T WAS not so in *my* time," furly GRUMIO exclaims,
 When our fancies, and fashions, and follies he blames:
 But your times, and our times, and all times, old Bluff!
 Can shew fancies, and fashions, and follies enough!
 Your taste was the formal, as ours is the flimsy:
 You made Wisdom grimace; we make Elegance whimsy:
 'Tis all the same foppery, drest different ways!
 Yours was yesterday's nonsense; and ours is to-day's!

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EPIGRAM CCXL.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

IN the lottery of life, if you wag well your chin,
You've a chance at both ends of the staff:
'Tis allow'd on all hands, you may laugh, if you win;
And 'tis odds, but you win, if you laugh!

EPIGRAM CCXX.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

ACAREFUL priest, the story goes,
For fear he should forget,
Was wont his sermons to inclose
Within a cabbage-net.

What at the bottom he drew out,
He at the top put in;
Sure thus to bring the year about,
End right, and right begin.

Mean-

Meanwhile his audience part by part,
 As part by part he took,
 Could tell each text as well by heart,
 As he could by the book.

Thus all their regular order kept,
 In pulpit and in pew;
 And so he preach'd, and so they slept,
 The year, and cabbage-net thro'!

EPIGRAM CCXXI.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

WHEN quacks, as quacks may by good luck, to be sure,
 Blunder out at hap-hazard a desperate cure,
 In the prints of the day, with due pomp and parade,
 Case, patient, and doctor, are amply display'd:—
 All this is quite just—and no mortal can blame it;
 If they save a man's life, they've a right to proclaim it:

But

But there's reason to think they might save more lives still,
Did they publish a list of the numbers they kill!

EPIGRAM CCXXII.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

THE love-sick maid, in Bedlam's cells who pines,
Weaves a straw coronet; and a princess shines:—
While in high life our spinster daughters ape,
In mock protuberant bulk, a mother's shape:—
Say, between frenzy's crown, and fashion's pad,
Is madness prouder? or is pride more mad?

EPIGRAM CCXXIII.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

By the statutes, *pro forma*, in OXFORD, 'tis said,
Certain lectures for certain degrees, must be read:
Which, because there's no audience, except the bare walls,
Wall-Lectures, each candidate properly calls.

For OXFORD, I feel, what we all feel beside;
 I think on't with pleasure; I name it with pride;
 But this statute, methinks, must defective appear:—
 That which binds some to read—should have bound some to hear!

EPIGRAM CCXXIV.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM:

“ALL things,” said JOHN one day to JOYCE,
 “Present two handles to our choice;
 “And wisdom’s province, ’tis confess,
 “Is ever to prefer the best:
 “So moral theorists decide.”—
 “Perhaps they may,” tart JOYCE reply’d;
 “With theory I have nought to do;
 “But practice, (I appeal to you,)
 “Practice, dear JOHN, will prove you judge ill;
 —“How many handles has my cudgel?”—

EPIGRAM CCXXV.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

WHEN ATHENS, in the age of Grecian fame,
Scorn'd NEPTUNE's, to prefer MINERVA's claim,
The affronted Deity in revenge decreed,
Their City none but Fools thenceforth should breed.
Th' award severe past Destiny's great seal,
Whose final fiat, nothing can repeal.

Such doom, dire vengeance on the ATHENIANS brought—
Now hear what PALLAS in their favour wrought !
“ The words,” she said, “ which NEPTUNE's wrath has spoke,
“ I neither can reverse,—nor he revoke ;—
“ But tho' forever Fools they must remain,
“ I'll make your sons, a Philosophic Train.”
So said, so done—and from that moment pair'd,
Philosophy, and Folly, ATHENS shar'd !—

Had this event in these *our* days occur'd,
 Perhaps you would not think it quite absurd,
 If some such simple news-monger as I,
 Should ask, how far from GREECE might PARIS lie?

EPIGRAM CCXXVI.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

IN CELIA'S face see coxcomb GELLIO stare;
 As if all beauty, and all grace, shone there!—
 And does there any brilliance there reside?
 Yes—paste and paint, that scars and wrinkles hide—
 And does the coxcomb then, delight to view
 A mask, no mortal optics can see thro'?
 No!—that impenetrable mask supplies
 An object, dearer far to GELLIO'S eyes;
 GELLIO'S whole thoughts are on himself alone,
 Th' excessive polish o'er *her* feature's thrown,
 Acts as a mirror—and reflects HIS OWN!

EPIGRAM CCXXVII.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

WHILE BRITAIN'S arms, by sea and land,
Our tars and soldiers bear,
Their country boasts a generous band,
Which makes their cause, its care.

To sooth the widow'd mother's grief,
And dry the orphan's tears,
A liberal fund of prompt relief,
Subscribing affluence rears.

This ENGLAND owes to manly zeal,
Nor owes to that alone;
Ladies for their defenders feel,
And Patriot spirit own.

History!

History! when thy recording page
 Our Heroes brings to view,
 Keep for the Heroines of the age
 A space to merit due!

To merit, whose alternate fame
 Includes the Brave and Fair;—
 And proves our Men no praise can claim,
 But what our Women share!

EPIGRAM CCXXVIII.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

TRADITION'S tale, time out of mind,
 Paints FORTUNE, LOVE, and JUSTICE, blind:
 And yet in this description's spite,
 They'd make amends for loss of sight,
 And save mankind a world of pother,
 Would they but listen to each other:

Think

Think what rich comforts life might blend,
Did LOVE, when JUSTICE calls, attend ;
Did JUSTICE, FORTUNE's deed approve ;
And FORTUNE hear the claims of LOVE !

EPIGRAM CCXXIX.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

OUR smarts (so much refin'd the modern speech is)
Say "INEXPRESSIBLES," instead of BREECHES.
In English this may do—if French you quote,
The word but half describes—a *sans Culotte* !
Would you in adequate terms state his condition,
Add t'other half to clinch your definition :
BREECHES to him are absolute *Incompatibles*,
Both INEXPRESSIBLES, and UN-COME-AT-ABLES !

EPIGRAM CCXXX.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

“To be or not to be”—was HAMLET’s doubt :
 And much in truth on both sides may be said ;
 Yet saying, ne’er can make the matter out :
 Life guesses, argues, puts conceits about ;—
 But all th’ *Experience* centers in—THE DEAD !

EPIGRAM CCXXXI.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

A FARMER, as records report,
 Most hugely discontented,
 His vicar at the bishop’s court,
 For gross neglect presented.

“ Our

“ Our former priest, my lord,” he said,

“ Each Sunday the year round,

“ Some GREEK, in his discourses read,

“ And charming was the sound !

“ Not such our present parson’s phrase ;

“ No GREEK does he apply ;

“ But says in English all he says,

“ As you might speak, or I.

“ And yet for this so simple style,

“ He claims each tithe and due ;

“ Pig, pippins, poultry, all the while,

“ And Easter-offerings too !”

“ You’re skill’d in languages, I guess,”

Th’ amaz’d diocesan cry’d ;

“ I know no language more or less,”

The surly clown reply’d :—

" But GREEK, I've heard the learned say,
 " Surpasses all the rest;
 " And since 'tis for the best we *pay*,
 " We ought to *have* the best!"

EPIGRAM CCXXXIII.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

WHEN weddings, in news-paper style are set forth,
 The men are all persons of eminent worth;
 The ladies possess'd of each qualification!
 How happy a state would all married folk know,
 Could reports, which endowments so easily bestow,
 As easily ensure their duration!—
 Make the future, in fact, what the present appears!
 And the news of the day, be the history of years!

EPIGRAM CCXXXIV.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

THE Boy, with truly philosophic thumb,
Picks from his slice of pudding every plumb;
Reserving for the last, the sweetest stores;
The MAN too oft a dreadful contrast shows;
Health, fortune, happiness, in life's prime o'erthrows,
And makes for age, the ruin he deplores.
They tell us ripening powers, expanding sense,
And reason's reign, with Manhood's date commence:
But sure the Boy, if evidence rests on facts,
More justly judges; and more wisely acts.

EPIGRAM CCXXXV.

SAUVITER UT NUNC EST.

OUR fashionable belles and beaus,
 With all their fight entire,
 Stick up a glafs before their nofe;
 And each becomes a *Spyer*.

Hail times! Hail ton! Hail taſte refin'd!
 Which makes ev'n failings pleaſe!
 And finds a joy in being blind—
 To every thing one ſees!

EPIGRAM CCXXXVI.

SAUVITER UT NUNC EST.

How ſtrange, (ſaid once a philoſophic Greek,)
 How ſtrange abſurdities does man diſplay!
 He weeps, to know his life may end next week!—
 He laughs,—altho' it may not laſt a day!

EPIGRAM CCXXXVII.

SAUVITER UT NUNC EST.

BENEATH the sun's meridian ray,
 Along the rivulet's brim,
 The playful insects of a day,
 In busy myriads skim :

Being, begun with morning's light,
 With evening's shade will close ;
 So brief, so limited, is their flight ;
 Yet all pure joy it shows.

What better to their little kind,
 Could partial Nature give,
 Than pastime on their spot to find ;
 And while life lasts—to live ?

EPIGRAM CCXXXVIII.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

To save your bones, and yet indulge your wit,
 Observe two universal rules!
 Laugh at the popular *Follies*, till you split;
 But never quarrel with the *Fools*!

EPIGRAM CCXXXIX.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

JULIA, in every beauty gay,
 Which nature e'er display'd,
 A month at least, before the day,
 Sighs for the masquerade.

When now, the happy moment comes,
 A beldam's form she takes;
 Affects to speak from toothless gums;
 With mimic palsy shakes!

On

On principles, how strangely vain,
 Life's joys and griefs we measure;
 In what to *be*, would give such pain,
 To *seem*, can give such pleasure!

EPIGRAM CCXL.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

OUR grumbling politicians cry,
 Old ENGLAND's basis stands awry;—
 Mend this, they say; mend that; mend t'other!
 Spare, spare, good people, your concern;
 Let THIS OLD ENGLAND serve your turn;—
 Till you can show us SUCH ANOTHER!

EPIGRAM CCXLI.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

To ascertain the genuine rust,
 Which antique medals should encrust,

The

The connoisseur consults its flavour;
 With scientific air and mien,
 Licks the blue varnish, or the green;
 And forms his judgment by the flavour.
 Why *older* coins should therefore sweeter grow,
 Is more, I own, than I pretend to know;
 But *modern* gold, whate'er its taste may be,
 Let it have weight enough—is sweet enough for me!

EPIGRAM CCXLII.

SAUVITER UT NUNC EST.

To each new husband, and new spouse,
 The world an honey-moon allows:—
 Why moon?—because, as some pretend,
 Within a natural month 'twill end.
 But nature's moon again will shine:—
 And so might wedlock's, I opine,

Should

Should man and wife each other view,
As they the moon of nature do:—
To balance temper's dark sides, with its bright;
With candor note its shade's, with joy its light;
T' agree with frankness, differ without strife,
Would make Love's Honey-moon, a Moon for Life!

EPIGRAM CCXLIII.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

"OUR parson holds his head so high,"
Exclaim'd a neighbouring squire,
"I'd give a crown—aye—that would I,
"To see his wig on fire!"

The hint his man, who heard him, caught,
And to the barber's sped;
But found not there the prize he sought;
'Twas on the parson's head.—

Yet tho' his search no wig could trace,

(Resolv'd to vent his spleen,)

He fell with fury on the case,

In which it should have been.

Then to the squire returning back,

"Your honour will decree,"

He cried, "I hope, at least a snack,

"Of that fame crown to me:—

"For tho' no wig, to feed the flame,

"Appear'd among the blocks,

"Still to some merit I lay claim,

"For I have *burnt the box!*"

EPIGRAM CCXLIV.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

SPRUCE Miss, by novels sets her notions right;

Thumbs them by day, and dreams of them by night;

Some

Some wondrous model of perfection fancies;
 Lord BELLEVILLE, CHARLES, Sir HARRY, or Sir FRANCIS!
 How sweet th' employ to picture to her mind,
 The gay, the generous, the polite, the kind!
 With all the dear idea in her head,
 She looks, loves, languishes, resolves to wed,
 Elopes, succeeds—is Tom the footman's wife,
 —A beggar, penitent, and slave for life!

EPIGRAM CCXLV.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

SEE! where unhous'd, at ease reclin'd,

The strolling beggar lies!

Sleep, the great leveller of mankind,

Treads lightly o'er his eyes!

x x z

While

While haughty hearts, and crafty heads,
 In watchful agony live,
 While pride fighs on embroider'd beds,
 For what no pride can give,—

Perhaps wealth, pleasures, conquests, crowns,
 Engage *his* present hour;—
 An hour, which real feelings drowns
 T' invigorate fancy's power!

Thus, all distinctions life can make,
 An equal balance keep;
 Some are the dreams of men awake!
 And some, of men asleep!

EPIGRAM CCXLVI.

SUAVITER UT NUNC EST.

BRITAIN has known, in many a well-fought day,
 Her UNION FLAG to victory lead the way.

Yet

Yet never did that UNION FLAG avow
 A more expressive Type of Her, than now!
 Now—when her universal ardor proves
 Her QUEEN, the woman she reveres—her KING, the man she loves.

Oh! long! long! sacred, may that Banner stand!
 Glory, at once, and Emblem of her Land!
 Still may She boast—and still the Nations see—
 Freedom so loyal! Loyalty so free!—
 For Worth so thron'd, such popular Union shown!—
 And popular Union's zeal, perpetuate such a Throne!

EPIGRAM CCXLVII.

Καλα πεφάνται.

THE Eastern swain, whose amorous eyes
 Each fairer form alarms,
 Deems plump rotundity of size,
 The first of female charms.

Yet

Yet such regard for corpulence shown,

Proceeds on rational ground :

That must be visible grace, you'll own,

Which measures, so much round.

O ! test, infallible, tho' concise,

Of feminine desert !—

When lovers estimate beauty's price,

Like timber—by the girt !

EPIGRAM CCXLVIII.

Καλὰ πεφάναι.

ATHWART the deep'ning shades of night,

With hues of many-tinctur'd light,

Th' apothecary's window glows :

Water, where chymical art displays

The ruby's, sapphire's, emerald's blaze,

Long gleams of lustre throws.

What

What medical stores are in the shop,
 Drug, essence, mixture, pill, draught, drop,
 'Tis not for sprigs like me to guess:—
 But this at least, I will assert;
 If none among 'em does *more* hurt,
 I'm sure none *can* do *less*!

EPIGRAM CCXLIX.

Καλα πεφασίαι.

“THE world is all appearance! mere outside!
 “A splendid nothing!”—Wisdom long has cry'd.
 And what is Wisdom then?—A spider—caught
 Ev'n in the very web, herself has wrought!
 For if her estimate of the world be *wrong*,
 Wisdom's own word is not worth an old song:—
 If *right* her estimate, 'tis as clearly true,
 That Wisdom's self—is but appearance too!

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM CCL.

Καλα πεφάναι.

FIX'D on our new-built Theatre's height,
 APOLLO stands display'd to view;
 And stands, in shallow censure's spite,
 With absolute propriety too!

SHAKESPEARE, and HE, with equal grace,
 Dramatic judgment's equity show:
 Above HE fills up SHAKESPEARE'S place;
 And SHAKESPEARE fills up HIS below!

EPIGRAM CCLI.

Καλα πεφάναι.

WHEN, through a chink, a darken'd room
 Admits the solar beam,
 Down the long light, that breaks the gloom,
 Millions of atoms stream.

In

In sparkling agitation bright,
 Alternate dies they bear;
 Too small for any sense, but fight;
 Or any fight, but *there*.

Nature reveals not all her store
 To human search, or skill;
 And when she deigns to show us more,
 She shows us Beauty still!

EPIGRAM CCLII.

Καλα πεφαιται.

THRO' the streets, on May-Day, you have seen, without doubt,
 In footy procession, a chimney-sweep rout,
 With a garland of bushes parade:
 Drest in barrister's three-tail'd perukes from Rag-fair,
 With lac'd coats, and lac'd hats, all of gilt paper ware,
 And chalk-paint on their chubby cheeks laid.

Thus gaily bedight, they jump jigs at your door ;
And a concert of shovel and brush goes before !

If ever you laugh, you to laugh must be stirr'd,
At exertions so awkward, and pride so absurd,

With so trifling advantage in view :

But should you advise, with however grave face,
Any one to abandon his music and lace,

He would laugh, as profusely, at you !

In comparative importance, thro' life's whole career,
We are all, to ourselves,—that we think we appear !

EPIGRAM CCLIII.

Καλα πειθαίται.

WHY sleeps, benumb'd, th' accomplish'd mind,

When social good craves virtue's zeal ?

Whoe'er can benefit mankind,

Is heaven's trustee, for human weal.

To

To hide true worth from public view,
 Is burying diamonds in their mine:—
 All is not gold, that shines, 'tis true;
 But all that *is* gold—ought to shine!

EPIGRAM CCLIV.

Καλα πεφαιται.

THE modern philosophy makes a great clatter,
 About matter, and motion; and motion, and matter:
 In presumption's poor pride, and with reason's short fight,
 Helps omnipotence out; and sets providence right:
 Yet amidst this extravagant vanity's round,
 It's systems so fair, and it's plans so profound,
 It's research so minute, it's immense comprehension,
 It's detail of discovery, it's pomp of pretension,
 All it's "Whys," and it's "Wherefores," would little avail,
 Were it bound to account—"why a toad has no tail!"

EPIGRAM CCLV.

Καλὰ πεφάνται.

OLD LESBIA, with hardly a tooth in her head,
 And be-wrinkled from forehead to chin,
 Is doubtful, poor girl, for the next masquerade,
 What disguise, she shall show her shapes in!

Prithee, LESBIA, abate this immoderate care,
 For however your choice shall decide,
 You have little to fear from the *false* face you'll wear,
 Considering the *true* face you'll hide!

EPIGRAM CCLVI.

Καλὰ πεφάνται.

ONCE every year, an infant band,
 Whom public charity's fostering hand

Hath

Hath led to truths divine,
Beneath one roof arrang'd to raise
Devotion's voice to Deity's praise,
In choral unison join.

Say where beside has harmony found
In such a group, so sweet a sound?
Say, where beside does earth unite
With sound so sweet, so rich a sound?

EPIGRAM CCLVII.

Καλὰ πεφάνηαι.

IN ten long columns of debate,
The morning paper shows,
What toilsome zeal for BRITAIN'S state,
Our senators disclose!

Well

EPIGRAMS.

Well as this looks, you must confess,

'Twere better ten to one,

Did *three short lines* at last express,

What good the *rest* have done!

EPIGRAM CCLVIII.

Καὶα ἡσυχία.

ALL TURKEY'S mosques, aloft in air,

A vast half-moon exalted bear,

With gilded splendor gay:—

So much for outward signs of grace;

What piety may within take place,

Is not for us to say.

But when from things at home we guess,

Plain truth, I fear, must needs confess,

What

What proofs too obvious vouch ;
That, if Religion's visible work,
Be all *appearance* with the TURK,
With us—'tis *scarce so much* !

EPIGRAM CCLIX.

Καλὰ πεφαιλαί.

MARK, how th' expiring taper's rays,
Their radiance to protract,
Shoot into momentary blaze ;
And perish, in the act !

So, when in mortal agony's thrall,
Departing virtue lies,
Brief bursts of splendor grace its fall !
It sparkles—as it dies !

EPIGRAM CCLX.

SIC ERAT IN EATIS.

AN elbow, we're in proverbs told,
 More sharp than usual marks a scold,
 Of everlasting lungs :
 Perhaps you'll be perplex'd to guess
 What correspondence, more or less,
 Elbows can have with tongues !

To solve the doubt, from popular lore
 Permit me, with one proverb more,
 Your memories to refresh :
 'Tis Fate's decree, you must have known,
 That whatsoever's bred in the *bone*,
 Should never out of the *flesh* !

EPIGRAM CCLXI.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

WOULD you th' extremes of human contrast fix?
 Observe DUTCH traffic—and DUTCH politics.
 Nothing's too much to suffer, or to do,
 Provided still, it makes one stiver two:
 By land, by sea, for friends, for foes they trade;—
 Then—cut each other's throat for a cockade:
 Trust in FRENCH faith for independent sway;
 Buy all;—sell all;—and *give* THEMSELVES *away*!

EPIGRAM CCLXII.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

YOU show the Gipsey trull your hand;
 And bid her read your fate:
 And when she line by line has scan'd,
 For vast discoveries wait:

'Tis not *your* hand which justifies
 The prophecy she'll rehearse:—
 Your destiny in her *own* hand lies,
 And *that* hand—in *your* purse!

EPIGRAM CCLXIII.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

IN modern anarchy's reign absurd,
 Whatever maggot bites the herd,
The Order of the Day's the word,
 Throughout confusion's border.
 But heaven (the wise and worthy pray)
 Will soon turn things another way,
 And for the Orders of the Day,
 Restore the *Days of Order*.

EPIGRAM CCLXIV.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

I SHUDDER, if perchance I meet
Long-winded DROMIO in the street :
For surely no man living says
So little, in so tedious phrase.
DROMIO, it seems, is doom'd by fate,
On nothing evermore to prate :—
But destiny, by the same decree,
Affigns an heavier lot to me ;
Me, who whenever I come near him,
Am doom'd eternally to hear him !

EPIGRAM CCLXV.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

AT each man's birth, say those who MAHOMET quote,
Destiny his fortune on his forehead wrote :—

Tho' we profess no faith in MAHOMET'S creed,
 The hint has something plausible to plead :
 What Destiny writes, Destiny would write, no doubt,
 On substance little likely to wear out ;
 And therefore probably it comes to pass,
 So many foreheads in the world, are BRASS !

EPIGRAM CCLXVI.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

CEASE, JOHN, at this outrageous rate,
 To rail from morn to night at fate,
 For coupling thee with JOAN !
 For though it might be fortune's guilt
 To make thy vixen such a jilt,
 To choose her—was thy own !

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EPIGRAM CCLXVII.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

IN days of classic fame, philosophy's toil
Was said to waste a world of midnight oil.
And fate in France, as recent facts avow,
Appears inclin'd to something like it now:
What oil in PARIS her philosophers waste,
Is far from reach of our conjecture plac'd:
But sure some practices of modern stamp,
Have smelt a deal too strongly—*of the LAMP!*

EPIGRAM CCLXVIII.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

THOMAS, in law with JAMES, would know
Which way the suit is like to go.
Why, THOMAS, 'twill admit dispute,
What issue may attend your *suit*;

But

But 'tis as sure as fate, that ruin
May be the issue of your *suing*!

EPIGRAM CCLXIX.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

DESTINY, by small but powerful springs,
Thro' regular gradations brings
Her grand designs about :
And therefore, when she meant to raise
A Genius, for the world to praise,
Made frogs and mice fall out.

To desperate war, forthwith she led
Fierce troops on cheese and bacon fed,
From cupboard chinks, who scud ;
T' oppose whose force, in hostile trim,
Stood rang'd along the broad lake's brim,
The nations of the mud !

Then

Then to describe the mighty fray,
She call'd forth HOMER's lofty lay;
Whose rapid fancy caught
Each circumstance of martial pride;
Gods, who took part on either side;
And reptile hosts, who fought.

And had not this prepar'd the way
For efforts of more bold essay,
And tun'd the Poet's tongue,
We ne'er had seen sublimity's strain;
ACHILLES would have shone in vain;
And TROY had fall'n unfung!

EPIGRAM CCLXX.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

THE CHINESE have a word, which, howe'er it seems strange,
Stands for fourteen ideas, without the least change:

It

It consists of one syllable too, you must know;
And in that but two letters;—to wit, P. O. *PO!*
Imagine, for instance, you wish'd to express,
“ A wise 'man”—“ A man of a 'pleasing address”—
“ A 'glass”—“ An immense 'preparation”—“ The blows
“ Of a wood-³cutter's hatchet”—“ An 'old woman's nose”—
“ A strong 'inclination”—“ A thing 'of small size”—
“ The course 'of a current, where water-springs rise”—
“ A "servant"—“ A captive "in battle"—“ A "fop"—
“ Or to "boil your ripe rice"—“ or to "winnow your crop”—
For all, and for each, if to CHINA you go,
You can't speak amiss, if you only say—*Po!*
Where else could we find, shou'd we search the world round,
Things so different in sense, and so similar in sound?
We may thumb all our grammars to rags, ere we view
So much in one word—and in *such a word too!*

EPIGRAM CCLXXI.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

THRO' life's whole range, say what we will,
Capricious as we seem,
We all pay humble homage still,
To what we beauty deem:

Not that such beauty's sovereign power
Keeps any steadfast plan:
Changeful in form, from hour to hour;
Distinct, as man from man:

With equal force in various ways,
As wayward humour jumps,
In lovers, Queen of Hearts it sways;
In gamesters, Queen of Trumps!

EPIGRAM CCLXXII.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

By two horns and a tail, and by one cloven foot,
 You might still know Old Scratch, when of yore he reclin'd,
 In the dread noon of night, at some blighted oak's root,
 To give witches instructions for plaguing mankind.

Of yore, as I said, this was ever the case;
 But of late, things have taken a different turn;
 In imps, as in men, new refinements we trace;
 Nor is Satan himself grown too old yet to learn:

His business by deputy now he transacts;
 Teaches Avarice *his* cunning, and Meanness *his* spite;
 Inculcates *incog.* what a substitute acts;
 And keeps horns, tail, and foot, all the while, out of sight.

But

But through all that appears, in the mischief men do,
When their brutal excess of malevolence we see,
'Tho' hoof, horns, and tail, may be hid from our view,)
We can tell by the Work, who the Author must be!

EPIGRAM CCLXXIII.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

IN WALES, full many a grave divine,
If truth tradition speak,
In Sunday's pulpit form'd to shine,
Draws also throughout the week:

Proud Scorn may sneer perhaps; and add
A wrinkle to its brow:
But sober Sense, with candor clad,
Will twofold praise allow:—

For while his tap, within due bounds,
 At home his neighbours share,
 The wisdom he at church *expounds*,
 They see him *practice*—there!

EPIGRAM CCLXXIV.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

FIVE Countries from five favorite dishes frame
 The popular stage buffoon's professional name:
 Half fish himself, the DUTCHMAN, never erring
 From native instinct, styles him *Pickle Herring*:
 The GERMAN, whose strong palate haut-gouts fit,
 Calls him *Hans Werst*, that is, *John-sausage-wit*:
 The FRENCHMAN, ever prone to badinage,
 Thinks of his soup—and shrugs—Eh! voila *Jean Potage*!
 Full of ideas, his sweet food supplies,
 Th' ITALIAN, Ecco *Macaroni*! cries:

While

While ENGLISH Taste, whose board with dumpling fmokes,
Inspir'd by what it loves, applauds *Jack Pudding's* jokes!
A charming bill of fare, you'll say, to fuit
One dish—and that one dish a Fool, to boot!

EPIGRAM CCLXXV.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

JOHN and his wife, we must confess,
Make the best match on earth:—
The one's worth nothing—more or less—
The other—nothing worth!

EPIGRAM CCLXXVI.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

IN ARABY, learned linguists say,
So copious is the vulgar phrase,
That speech at pleasure can display
The lion's name *five hundred* ways.

But

But while thus, column after column,
 Expression's vast varieties fall,
 These, though enough to fill a volume,
 Mean but *one* lion after all.

Or else perhaps, with evident cause
 A doubt might rise, which most would scare ye?
 The lion's titles?—or his claws?
 The desert?—or the Dictionary?

EPIGRAM CCLXXVII.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

QUOTH WILL to TOM, "Folk say, forsooth,
 "When old wives ape the airs of Youth,
 "My dame has gotten a colt's tooth:—
 "If thou'rt a judge, and this be truth,
 "The

“ The reason why declare !”
“ Because,” said THOMAS, “ I suppose
“ The mouth wherein that fame tooth grows,
“ (As many a poor Pilgarlick knows,)
“ Whatever change it undergoes,
“ Belongs to the *Grey Mare!*”

EPIGRAM CCLXXVIII.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

SOME forty summers now have past,
Since CELIA was fifteen :—
Who says, no female bloom can last ?
What can such obloquy mean ?

Her forehead the same lilies shows;
Her veins the same clear blue;
Her cheek with the same roses glows;
Her lips boast the same hue :—

The

The self-same smoothly polish'd brow,
The same attention draws;
Perhaps too, at fifteen as now,
Produc'd by the same cause:—

Perhaps—but let the muse take heed!
And keep due distance still!
'Tis not for bards like me to read,
The toilet's secret skill.

Thus much is sure—That CELIA's face
No trace of time betrays;
But mends each morn the last morn's grace,
More finish'd from decays:

'Twixt patch, paint, paste, a match for age,
All brilliant to behold,
Save in the parish register's page,
She's not a day more old!

EPIGRAM CCLXXIX.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

WITH much pretence, but little love the while,
Fashion oft feign'd to join Economy's party :
Tho' all could see, that, in the Horatian style,
'Twas "*Gratia amicitiae male factæ.*"

But better hopes last winter's omens grac'd :
When Fashion, lest expence should cut too deep,
Snipt each great coat afunder at the waist ;
And gave Economy the skirts to keep :

And now on solid ground their union stands :
Should Fashion's pride next Christmas call for new coats,
Economy from the remnants in her hands,
Has stuff of course to make the same coat two coats !

EPIGRAM CCLXXX.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

PROUD as a peer, poor as a bard,
 A foot-fore SPANIARD late one night,
 Knock'd at a tavern door so hard,
 It rous'd the family in a fright:—

Up sprung the host from his bed-side;
 Open the chamber-window flew:
 “Who's there?—What boisterous hand,” he cry'd,
 “Makes at my gate this loud ado?”

“Here is,” the stately SPANIARD said,

“DON LOPEZ, RODRIGUEZ, ALONZO,

“PEDRILLO, GUZMAN, ALVARADE,

“IAGO, MIGUEL, ALPHONSO,

“ANTO-

“ ANTONIO, DIEGO”—“ Hold! hold! hold!”
 Exclaim’d the Landlord, “ pray! forbear!
 “ For half the numbers you have told,
 “ I have not half a bed to spare.”

“ Sir!”—quoth the Don, “ ’tis your mistake,
 “ If names for men, of course, you count:
 “ Tho’ long th’ illustrious list, I make,
 “ In me still centres all th’ amount:

“ Worn down with tramping many a mile,
 “ DON LOPEZ, RODRIGUEZ, PEDRILLO,
 “ With all the *etcæteras* of his style,
 “ Will sleep upon a *single pillow!*”

EPIGRAM CCLXXXI.

ALIUSQUE ET IDEM.

A SINGLE acorn’s cup, experiment shows,
 The future oak’s whole embrio can enclose:—

Immense idea!—That a form so small,
On earth's prolific lap, if right it fall,
Shall burst—shall vegetate—shall protrude a root;
Rise a strong trunk, from particles so minute;
O'er-top the forest; brave the tempest's rage;
Flourish;—expand, while age succeeds to age;
And haply, when to perfect timber grown,
Waft to new worlds, the produce of our own!
While on this thought imagination dwells,
Reverse the scene; and hear what nature tells;
—That this enormous bulk, is but th' extent
Of parts, at first within an acorn pent;—
An acorn! which, should truth the fact reveal,
Was once—the refuse of a poor pig's meal!

EPIGRAM CCLXXXII.

ESTO PERPETUA.

“**T**_{RUE-BLUE},” ’tis said, “*will never stain* ;”—

An everlasting die in grain,

Which none enough can prize :

Agreed!—But while experience finds

So many men, so many minds,

One constant doubt must rise :

Since each adapts to his own view,

His own idea of True-blue,

The question shifts it’s ground :

The doubt is not, as I opine,

How bright, how long, True-blue may shine:—

But *where it may be found* !

EPIGRAM CCLXXXIII.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WHEN Bride and Bridegroom ready stand,
 To knit th' indissoluble band,
 The priest is first in duty bound,
 To charge each conscious witness round,—
 Whate'er impediment he may find,
 Why these two hands should not be join'd,
 To speak out then the whole he knows;
 Or else his lips for ever close.

Methinks the Bride and Bridegroom too,
 Might take from such an hint *their* cue:—
 And when flight tiffs their thoughts molest,
 Think the same charge to them addrest;
 Urging, conjuring either side,
 To watch the turn of temper's tide;

To

To speak at once, what truth *must* say;
Then, meet relenting love half-way;
With mutual frankness, gently just;
Above disguise; above distrust;
Timely remonstrate; timely cease;
And ever after hold their peace.

EPIGRAM CCLXXXIV.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WHEN a dull, drowfy orator drawls dismally dry,
He's as long as to-day and to-morrow, we cry;
But perhaps we don't think what enormous extent,
By the phrase of to-day and to-morrow, is meant:
From cradles to coffins, survive as we may,
With the oldest amongst us 'tis yet, but to-day;
And as for to-morrow, how long that may last,
Is a point, into absolute obscurity cast;

Be

Be it longer or shorter, more swift, or more slow,
 We know it by name—and that's all we can know;
 Since thro' life's whole career, which we've hitherto run,
 It has still been beginning—but never begun!

EPIGRAM CCLXXXV.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WE read in ROME's historic page,
 How VESTA's fire, for many an age,
 Still unextinct endur'd;
 To virgin priestesses consign'd,
 Whose vigilant care, time out of mind,
 One certain rule enfur'd:
 While each, in each, mark'd all neglect,
 No single culprit could expect

Her

Her own default to smother ;
How long soever ward we keep,
We never on our station sleep,
When set *to watch each other!*

EPIGRAM CCLXXXVI.

ESTO PERPETUA.

FIERCE foe to the fly by an instinct inbred,
The spider ne'er stirs from his traps, and his thread :
Tho' his cunning may miss, or his web be broke thro',
He again mends the mesh ; and again lies perdue ;
All alert in his hole ; all insidious abroad ;
Still patient in labour ; still pregnant in fraud :
Disappointment in vain *his* manœuvres retards,
Who, to *play his own game*, can thus *make his own cards*.

EPIGRAM CCLXXXVII.

ESTO PERPETUA.

A Fool, the popular proverb shows,
And fure enough 'tis true,
Tells in a moment all he knows;
Ev'n let what will ensue.

Yet one equivalent he has got
For all defects this way:
He'll talk of that which he *knows not*,
Forever, and for aye!

EPIGRAM CCLXXXVIII.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WOMEN, some bigot TURKS advance,
Born without souls, can have no chance

O'er

O'er Paradise to stray :—
But why, in such unsocial fort,
Cut feminine existence short?—
Say, Turkish bigots; say!

Say, why should widow, maid, or wife,
No share in everlasting life,
As well as you, inherit?
Speak out!—and own, upon the whole,
'Tis not that women want a *soul*;—
But that yourselves want *spirit*!

EPIGRAM CCLXXXIX.

ESTO PERPETUA.

TRADITION, long since, if we heed what it saith,
Has made it a point of the popular faith,

3 c 2

(In

(In which general opinions agree,)

That troublesome ghosts may be fast bound in thrall,

And in due form of process be sent one and all,

Close prisoners, beneath the Red-Sea;

Where for ages, we're told, they in durance will lie:—

The fact I pretend not to prove, or deny;

'Tis a subject for heads much more knowing.

But this, I presume, I may boldly declare;

That their *staying* till doomsday, when once they get there,

Is as certain at least—as their *going*!

EPIGRAM CCXC.

ESTO PERPETUA.

T' EXPRESS how oft th' apparent weak,

Outlive the seeming strong,

We say, in metaphor when we speak,

“The creaking hinge lasts long.”

Think

Think on what terms cross *CLODIUS* then,
His lease of being holds!—
Disgusted still with things and men,
Who but exists, and scolds!

Fortune, by one of her odd strokes,
To him two tenures gives;
He's sure of living, while he croaks;
And croaking, while he lives!

EPIGRAM CCXCI.

ESTO PERPETUA.

PAINTERS, by custom immemorial take
For Envy's hieroglyphic form, the snake;
While for Eternity's type, each pencil draws
A serpent in a ring; whose tail is in his jaws.
The two ideas just, apart, we find,
But how much juster would they be, when join'd?

Let

Let Envy's snake, for instance, fiercely fell,
 With everlasting rancour's poison swell;
 Provided, in eternity's serpent-style,
 It feeds, on nothing but *itself*, the while!

EPIGRAM CCXCII.

ESTO PERPETUA.

Go to the bee!—and thence bring home,
 (Worth all the treasures of her comb,)

An antidote against rash strife:
 She, when her angry flight she wings,
 But *once*, and at her peril *stings*;
 But *gathers honey all her life*!

EPIGRAM CCXCIII.

ESTO PERPETUA.

A PHYSICAL sage, who tried to explore
 The depths of knowledge heretofore,

Made

Made this the burden of his song;—
That “life was short; and art was long.”

That life is short, we know full well;
But who the length of art shall tell?—
Prefuming on your kind attention,
Two principal measures on’t I’ll mention.

In GREECE, philosophers were rever’d
For grave prolixity of beard:
In CHINA, erudition’s scale
Is ampler growth of finger nail.

How long *art* is, I dare not guess;—
But this, methinks, you’ll all confess,
(If beards and nails are standards for’t,)
Art’s *visible signs*—are mighty short!

EPIGRAM CCXCIV.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WITHIN the papal jurisdiction,
If common fame asserts no fiction,

ROME

ROME can indulgences invent
 For finning, at so much per Cent:—
 A market price on pardon set;
 And calculate guilt—like *tare and tret*.

Yet this (absurd as it appears)
 Is licence, granted but for years:
 Still, spite of trade so contraband,
 Eternity's reckonings open stand:
 Heav'n laughs to scorn such incongruities;
 It's Mercy *sells* no perpetuities:
 But, to pure faith and meek endeavour,
 GIVES freely—what it gives, FOR EVER!

EPIGRAM CCXCV.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WHEN a pamphlet comes out, in the plain pamphlet style,
 Your two shillings you pay, if you think it worth while:—
 But if once, by mere fashion, or merit, or chance,
 Into notice the book, or it's author, advance,

To

To work on all fides, goes the press and the pen;
 With answers, and answers to answers again;
 With strictures, and queries, and notes, and reflections,
 Appendixes, sequels, free thoughts, hints, objections;
 And of course, if to judge of the whole you intend,
 You must buy without bounds;—and must read without end.

So in BANTAM, our travellers tell us, a sheep
 In body and bone, due proportion will keep:
 While a wheel-barrow's compass will hardly avail,
 To support the length, breadth, depth, and weight of its *tail!*

EPIGRAM CCXCVI.

ESTO PERPETUA.

WHERE gently wand'ring-rills surround
 A desolated pile,
 And glide ev'n now, the confluent bound
 Of GLASTONBURY'S isle,—

To memory lost, by chance descry'd,
The reverend reliques lay
Of ARTHUR, Glory's favorite pride,
In BRITAIN'S earlier day.

No fabulous elves, in fairy knot,
T' announce his grave were seen;
Nature's own hand had mark'd the spot,
In winter's gloom still green.

And where a cross from head to feet,
O'erspread the Hero's earth,
A Christmas Thorn springs up, to greet
Our infant Saviour's birth!

O! may the sweet memorial *live*,—
Spontaneous proof to raise,
That Truth can annual evidence give
To patriot royalty's praise!—

And

And while Religion, Freedom, Laws,
Are BRITAIN'S happy doom,—
Flourish—to sanction their applause,
Around her ARTHUR'S Tomb!

EPIGRAM CCXCVII.

[One of the Author's last compositions, which he considered as
descriptive of his *own situation* in the School.]

ESTO PERPETUA.

GENIUS, too oft, beneath adversity's frown,
Drudges, laborious; vigorous; yet kept down:
Never advanc'd, tho' never at a stay;
Keeps on; perhaps shines on; but makes no way!
—So fares the mettled steed, in harness bound,
To drag some ponderous engine round and round!
His toil is generous effort;—but 'tis still,
Strength, Perseverance, Progress!—*in a Mill!*

THE END.



E R R A T A.

VOL. I.

- Page 76. line 3. for *them* read *thee*.
91. — 1. for *Inshrivel'd* read *In shrivel'd*.
300. — 9. for *thy* read *my*.

VOL. II.

- Page 9. line 8. for *Pusb'd* read *Rusb'd*.
86. — 1. for *set* read *sat*.
157. — 2. for *Truth would justify* read *Love would sanctify*.
214. — 6. for *settest* read *settlest*.
335. — 3. for *In* read *If*.

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